

NO. 11.

COUNTY GAME LAW.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Football, for lack of a better name to describe it, is still designated as a sport.

Doctors will doubtless agree with that London scientist who asserts that disease is a blessing.

Too many men allow their religion to hang in the closet through the week with their Sunday clothes.

Some of the watchdogs of our national banking system seem to have lost the faculty of finding and following the scent.

Just to show what heroes they are, some of the life insurance experts announce that they carry policies in their own companies.

It is expected, meanwhile, that the forests will remain in their place until the courts have decided whether or not they are to be preserved.

In Japan Admiral Togo is fondly referred to as a lobster. The admiral is a small man physically and can't fight much except when he is on his ship.

It is asserted, on the other hand, that big hats for women are not going out of fashion. The report that they were, doubtless, was started by some designing masculine person.

"Three saved by chewing gum" is the head over a news item. It seems that the three used chewing gum to plug a hole in their canoe. Then they were saved by not chewing it, after all.

Russia's bad way never could be more forcefully illustrated than by the lamentable fact that the stroke of one man's pen could open the dungeons where political prisoners have been left for years to wither and die.

Professor Wiley proposes to test the effects of cold storage food on the human system. It is to be hoped that he will try the cold storage egg himself, so that he may speak from personal experience instead of merely observing its effect on some hired man.

About half a century ago England took notice of one fleet only, the French. Now things have changed. Japan has revealed her naval power; Italy has a fairly good navy; Wilhelm II. rules over Germany and has announced that the country's future welfare must be sought for on the seas; the United States wish to have no rivals on the ocean and Russia is beginning to rebuild her fleet.

This continent is no longer the scene of the most striking innovations; America is an old story. Africa is the new world. The French are stretching a telegraph wire from the Mediterranean across the Sahara to Timbuctu. The wire has already reached the Tuat oases. It will pass thence to the Ahaggar Mountains, where live the Tuareg bandits, and so into a country which a few years ago was extremely dangerous to an avowed Christian.

No matter how profound and learned a lawyer may be, he seems to be incapable of drawing his own will so that it will not be set aside. This was the fate of Samuel J. Tilden's will, and now we are informed that the will of Chief Justice Edward M. Paxson of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, bequeathing \$3,000,000 for the establishment of a farm school for boys, is void for such an obvious defect as the absence of subscribing witnesses. Sometimes it looks as if people who know how to make money never know anything else.

There are men who have never been detected in wrongdoing whose performances are nevertheless so hostile to the public welfare or so acceptable to self-seekers that their honesty is impugned and their patriotism discredited. Any prosecuting officer will testify that there is nothing in the whole catalogue of crimes so difficult to trace as political corruption, nothing so difficult to fix as bribery. The public should not wait for proofs. The vote should not wait for evidence. It is not only essential that public men have their dishonesty unproved, but that they be men of such proved honesty and absolute integrity that no breath of suspicion has ever tainted their reputations.

A friend of the editor asks this question: "Why do Americans as a rule go after the dollar harder than Europeans?" Plainly, because dollars will buy more in this country than in Europe. Dollars will buy some things there, but here they will buy everything that is worth buying. In Europe it makes no difference how much money a man has, nor how decent his character, neither he nor his family can amount to anything in particular. He must be born to the manner. Else the door of opportunity is closed. In this country, if he is the right sort of a man, he can buy freedom from fear and worry, recognition, independence. He can aspire to be and become all that any other American can aspire to become. And that is why our critics across the waters fail to understand us. Years ago they called us a nation of shopkeepers. They can see us only as dollar chasers. But the fact is we want money because of the things it will buy. We do not hoard it. We are royal spenders. Of course there are some among us who believe that

money will buy anything—contentment, happiness, or even character. They learn differently. But surely it is not altogether an unworthy motive that we should desire money that we may minister to the wellbeing of those whom we are fond of. It is not a sordid desire, this one of wanting money to educate our children and give them a chance in life better than our chance. And that is why Fritz and Patrick and Nels and Antonio and Moses, when they come to us over sea, join with us in the dollar chase. It is only when we begin to long for dollars we cannot use that we become money mad. The American wants dollars for what they will buy and he buys what he wants.

There is close relation between belief and reasoning, but there could be no greater error than to suppose that reasoning is the only thing that can produce beliefs and that all of our beliefs are the result of reasoning. Most people would feel insulted if told that they believe anything whatever without reason, and yet the truth is that of all the beliefs that exist in any human mind not one in a thousand has been produced by reasoning and not one in a million by investigation, reflection and reasoning. The greater part of our most cherished convictions are inserted in us ready made, just as a cartridge is inserted in a gun or a box put into a wagon. This is easily proved by asking people why they believe certain things. In most cases it will be surprising to see how they are embarrassed by the question and what trifling and inconsequential replies they make. Sometimes they become impatient and indignant and intimate that what they believe is self-evident, or they say: "Any fool knows that."

They drop the subject as soon as they can, but not until they have made it evident that they believe without reason and without ever attempting to reason. How, then, do we come to believe certain things? Evidently by mere imitation or by a sort of hypnotic suggestion. In childhood and youth we believe everything we hear. What ever is constantly said in our homes or by our associates we install among our settled convictions and retain them long after we have forgotten when, where and from whom we first heard them. We are as passive in receiving these impressions as a coil is in getting used to harness. We would naturally suppose that convictions that were acquired so easily would be just as easily upset and abandoned, but it is just the reverse. The beliefs which we have acquired we know not how and which we are at a loss to defend are exactly those that are most inviolable. We would at least expect them to melt away before strong argument, but argument has no effect on them. Argument will often overthrow and reverse beliefs which were acquired by argument, but these beliefs which are foisted upon us hypnotically do not yield to reasoning. These traditional beliefs cannot be said to be an evil. The fact is our very life is founded on them and governed by them and we could not live without them. Life is too short for everything to be reasoned out. We must be set up in business with an immense stock of ready-made convictions or else we would be more helpless than the brute creation. They are valuable also for the very reason that they cannot be overthrown, for without this quality there would be absolutely no stability in human character. On the other hand, it is obviously absurd to reason that certain opinions and beliefs are well founded because they are widespread and of great antiquity. A belief may be perpetuated from generation to generation in an ever-widening circle for thousands of years and even become universal without ever having a particle of fact or logic for its basis. That we can never entirely free ourselves from involuntary beliefs is certain, and that we would perish if we were deprived of them is certain also, and yet our safety depends on keeping them in check by reasoning and investigation. We must be continually sloughing off our groundless beliefs or we shall be completely swamped by them. This is not an attractive picture of human nature, but it is a faithful likeness.

Some of the Indian women have a very pathetic custom. When an Indian girl dies her mother often substitutes a doll for the lost little one. She fills the empty cradle with feathers arranged in the form of a child, and carries this about as she did her child, crooning to it and caressing it. Sometimes, instead of doing this, she ties the clothes, toys and other articles belonging to the little one, and fastening them to the cradle board, carries it as she originally did her child. The Ojibways call these "unlucky dolls," because they represent the dead, but the Indian woman's idea is that the little dead child is too small to find its way to paradise, and that by substituting the doll she will assist it to get there.

Her Father—What are your prospects, sir?
The Suitor (modestly)—I am fifth vice president of the Brazen Assurance Society.
Her Father—Well, you may come and see me again, if the jury acquits you!—Puck.

Not Much Loss.
"Oh, my!" exclaimed Mrs. Schoppen, "I've lost my pocketbook!"
"Never mind, dear," replied her husband, "I'll get you another pocketbook and you can easily collect more dress-goods samples."—Philadelphia Press.

Papa's Viewpoint.
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A REHEARSAL WITH IRVING.

A Member of His Lyceum Company Tells of His Great Kindness.

Writing of Irving, while she was a member of the London Lyceum company, Gertrude Norman, in the Theater Magazine, says:

"Sir Henry always impressed one, despite his capabilities for long hours and days of vigorous work, as being a fragile and delicate man, one who had suffered great physical pain in the earnest battle of life. When he appeared in the early morning to his already gathered company, coming quietly and unobtrusively around the corner of some jutting wing, the most prosaic of us all felt a change and stimulus in the atmosphere. It was as if some grave and gentle sage or philosopher had come to speak to his waiting followers.

"Immediately one was aware that here was a man of the profoundest intellectual attainments, containing in that lofty brain so many brilliant qualities and gifts that there was little doubt that whatever branch of art, literature, science or politics he had chosen for his medium of expression, in any one of them he must have poignantly succeeded. When at rehearsal he was alert, tense, all-seeing and comprehensive, but in private life usually grave, dreamy, absent-minded. But he could be, as many have attested, the most animated and genial of talkers, the best and wittiest of story tellers. Nevertheless, one could never in his presence lose sight of the fact that his art was to him an all-absorbing monumental and worshiped passion.

The many unforgettable productions which evolved from under his master hand were rehearsed by himself and Miss Terry with the utmost ardent love. The rehearsals attendant on these lasted many weeks, but the enormous interest attached to them was so enthralling that one never grew weary, even though one often found the day and night had passed and dawn was flooding the London sky and streets.

"Irving was benignly gentle, especially to the younger folk; he seemed to comprehend sympathetically the great awe in which we all held him. Occasionally he was a trifle shy, as if not quite sure what to say to us. To all he continually showed the sweetest tact and consideration, ever striving to find as topics of conversation the subjects most interesting to his colleague, friend or visitor.

"His sense of humor was both sly and delicious, and his criticisms of faults in one's work were so delicately made that one felt more as if receiving a compliment than a correction. Each and all worked for him with love, not fear, so it is little to be wondered that he attained harmonious results. I have seen him go over a tiny scene or an inflection from eighteen to twenty times, never losing his patience nor that wonderful sense of courtesy which haloes the whole man.

"There are many stories told of Sir Henry's little eccentricities, and all are too well known to bear repetition here, but one quaint little habit I do not recall having seen mentioned in print—that of his wearing different hats at rehearsal. By these hats we could usually tell the mood of our great chief, and the length of the rehearsal before us.

"When he appeared in a smart, tall, silk hat, we knew it meant a brief hour or so's work. If he wore a high, stiff hat, such as Mr. Daly used to wear, it meant several hours of earnest labor, but if he appeared or called for a battered, shapeless, soft and very old brown hat, we knew that it meant an intense and arduous day. If this last adornment were flung off altogether, then we knew irrevocably it was a sign of all day and almost all the night within the walls of the theater."

BEAUTY OF ROYAL BULLDOGS.

In India Animals Are Reverenced, Not Used as Beasts of Burden.

Edmund Russell, who writes entertainingly of "The Sacred Animals of India" in Everybody's, thus describes the bulldogs that draw state carriages:

"Even a foreigner can almost feel this affection for the royal bulldogs that draw the gold and silver carriages of state, can respond to the sweetness in their forest-glances which invite caress of white velvet flanks and admiration of gold-tipped horns and gold-shod feet. The jeweled harness with trailing cloths stiff with precious handwork completes the richness of carved metal, inlaid teak and ivory, and wind-swept curtains from which glance dawn-flashing, dawn-reflecting eyes, their pupils black bees caught in white jade lotus-prisms. The cart may be red lacquer, with peacocks gilded on the poles and Burma rubies seeded in its drapery. Wreathed with scarlet flowers, the cattle look indeed of celestial origin and like no animals we know.

"There is an old legend that the Emperor Hoomayon, when taking his favorite begum to drive, used to act as charioteer in a carriage drawn by beautiful white oxen. Most of the orthodox wealthy natives still prefer this curtained vehicle with great carved hubs and rough-hewn spokes, and all royal ladies, excepting, perhaps, the rani of Gondal and Cooch-Bihar, who are thoroughly Europeanized, still see the world through gold nets fringed with pearls. In Kashmir it is the shawl-bearing goat that plays the role of sacred cow. The Kashmiris told me that Adam came to their Vale, after being driven out of paradise, to buy shawls for Eve."

If a man owns street-railway stock he never recommends walking as an exercise.



Although it is the function of the physician to indicate the general nature of the nourishment to be given to his patient, the responsibility for the proper feeding of the sick person devolves almost entirely on the nurse, and on her tact and judgment the success of the treatment will depend. Even when the food is correctly prepared, much attention to the manner of service is requisite in order to make it tempting to the invalid.

During illness the things that naturally stimulate the appetite, such as fresh air and exercise, are entirely lacking, so that every possible means must be used to render the idea of food as agreeable as possible. Chief among these is the care of the mouth and tongue. Unless these are kept scrupulously clean by the use of cleansing lotions, particles of fermenting food are retained, and give rise to much discomfort. This is especially true of milk, the administration of which should always be followed by a cleansing of the tongue with some such preparation as a mixture of equal parts of glycerin, lemon juice and water applied with a cotton swab.

Before bringing in the meal the room should have been put in order as much as possible, the patient's hands and face sponged off, and the bed-clothes and pillows freshly arranged. The tray itself should be decked with the prettiest china, the whitest and freshest linen and the brightest silver of the household boasts. Very small portions only should be set before a sick person, for in this way a greater amount is likely to be eaten than if the weak appetite is appalled by the sight of well-filled plates.

In giving liquids to patients unable to sit up, the head should be raised by slipping the hand under the pillow, instead of directly under the head, as in this way the position is less constrained and swallowing is easier. The conventional sick feeders with nozzles are usually disliked by patients, and in most cases fluids can be taken without much effort through a bent glass tube or from a tumbler only a third full. Here again the patient should not be presented with more than he is likely to drink, as a sick person feels a certain satisfaction in completely emptying his glass.

It is often a difficult question to decide whether or not to waken a sleeping patient for food. In most cases it is better to wait, but often a sufferer may be roused sufficiently to take a few swallows, and yet be able to drop off again and sleep all the more soundly for having received the nourishment.—Youth's Companion.

MRS. READER'S PISTOL.

And the Effective Use She Made of It on a Certain Occasion.

In her story of "Ella Rawls Reader, Financier," in Everybody's, Juliet Willor Tomkins tells the following incident of a struggle of Mrs. Reader's in Peru:

"After eight months of useless struggle she went out to Callao, which is about half an hour by rail from Lima, with her Peruvian lawyer, Scotch interpreter, and American engineer, and forced the manager to open the warehouse and let her make an inspection of the machinery. The manager had met her with his lawyers, and the hour of argument before she gained her point had been something of a strain. During the whole process a Peruvian on the Haggis side had been standing close to Mrs. Reader, his little, narrowed eyes staring with that deliberate insolence only Latinus can accomplish. The company went out into the warehouse where the machinery lay and the difficult business of a hurried inspection went forward, but still the bullying stare never ceased. About two hours of it, the fine edge of that hidden temper of hers suddenly sprang out. She whirled on him with a blaze of words that needed no interpreter, and all at once his stare was being returned by a fierce little pistol held in a strong white hand and quite ready for business.

"The gentleman of Peru neither apologized nor retracted; he ineffectually, unqualifyingly fled. And he was not the only one. Like shadows the men fitted out of the dusky warehouse, leaving the dangerous woman a clear field. When she looked about there was no one in sight but two Irish porters, and in their eyes were sympathetic twinkles, meeting which, Mrs. Reader could only sink down helpless with laughter, and put up her pistol."

Lord Kelvin's Retort.

"I never hesitate: I get up the steam at once. In short, I boil at low temperature," boasted a silly young student to Lord Kelvin on one occasion. "Well, but," remarked the scientist gravely, "that implies a vacuum in the upper regions."

Before and After.

"Before we were married," said she, "his displays of affection were positively overdone."

"And now?"
"They are very rare."—London Pick-Me-Up.

GRACE OF MANNER WANTED.

Plea for Improvement in English Women—Wherein They Fail.

We are not prepared, as a rule, to admit that our grandmothers and their mothers before them, were very wise in their respective generations, says the Ladies' Pictorial, but at least we are bound to acknowledge that they certainly much better understood in those days how to produce and cultivate grace of manner and bearing in girls than we do now. We have gymnasia, which they had not; we are taught physical culture on the latest scientific principles—of this they understood nothing.

Our girls live in the open air, walk, bicycle, motor, play all manner of athletic games, while their grandmothers and great-grandmothers were reared like hothouse plants.

We no longer squeeze in our waists or try to keep our feet small, as they did, and yet, withal, the horrible truth must be admitted and faced that we possess none of the grace, that our deportment is faulty and that the pretty lines of face and figure which all women of gentle birth possessed a half-century or more ago have not come to us.

And, finally, that we are sadly deficient in the courtesy which then seemed woman's natural attribute, but which, as a matter of fact, was taught her from babyhood, like stitchery and the use of the globes. Something must be rotten in the state of Denmark to have brought about the ungracefulness of the modern girl, and as we are always drilling, massaging and developing ourselves, it is becoming abundantly clear that we are altogether on the wrong track, and that our so-much-despised and pitied forebears did know a great deal more than we do about training up a girl in the graceful way she should go, and turning her out a courteous, charming woman.

What we really lack, nowadays, is deportment. Our girls never learn this at home, at school or in the dancing class. What girl is now taught how to come into a room, to enter and leave a carriage with grace, to make a bow properly, to move everywhere with ease and yet display her figure to the best advantage?

Few modern women can walk, or dance, or stand, hold up their skirts, greet their friends by an inclination of the head or grasp of the hand in a thoroughly graceful fashion, yet even we see for ourselves what care is taken to drill them and how they have grown alarmingly big. This, then, is not the way to do it, and if ever we are again to have a race of women who can carry themselves well, impress other nations by their gentleness and graceful bearing, and restore to England the "cultivated" manner, we shall most certainly have to hark back to the methods of the old-fashioned school mistresses and teachers of deportment, keep our girls from over-much hockey, and insist that they shall be "ladylike" above all things. We shall, doubtless, have a hard fight to get back to this state of affairs. The modern girl is very much out of hand at present, and, like Harriet, who fatally played with matches, she "will not take advice," but one has hopes that there will be a reaction, and in due course we shall revert to the old methods of teaching the art of feminine grace.

There is no reason why physical culture and all outdoor exercises should not have due regard paid to them, but in combination we must rigidly enforce ease of movement, quietness of manner, together with a certain formality, less self-consciousness and less speed and general offhandedness.

Ancient Numantia.

In the search for new realms of antiquity to reconquer the archaeologist has at length settled down upon Numantia, that famous city of Spain, more Spartan than the Spartans, whose defense against Rome, if we are to believe the chronicles, was carried to lengths of merciless fortitude unique even in the heroic age. Two German scientists, Messrs. Schulten and Roenen, have undertaken the work of exploration, and have already laid bare parts of the ramparts, the pavement of several streets and some houses. A great number of coins and valuable urns have also been brought to light. All objects found are to go to the provincial museum of Soria.—London Globe.

Robbery.

Mrs. Subbubs—That man you sent here with the load of wood charged me 50 cents for simply piling it on the ground.

Mr. Subbubs—For simply piling it on—

Mrs. Subbubs—Yes.

Mr. Subbubs—My! That was simply piling it on.—Philadelphia Press.

A Charmed Life.

Trainer (of college football team)—So you're sure you could make good on the first eleven, eh? Well, well! What did you ever do, son, to give you that hallucination?

Freshman—I've been in four auto smashes, and once I took in every show at Coney Island.—Puck.

Just One Case.

"After all, the old saying, 'There's always room at the top,' doesn't mean anything."

"Unless," replied the traveling man, "it means that the lower berths in a sleeper are usually taken before you get there."—Philadelphia Press.

Pointless.

Scribbles—You sit on every joke I submit to you. Editor—Well, if they had any point to them I wouldn't.



A New Way.—Mr. Corrigan: How much 'd' yez charge fer pullin' teet? Dentist: With gas, one dollar. Mr. Corrigan: An' how much wid electric loight?

Appetite Decides.—Teacher: Can you tell me the difference between "like" and "love"? Small Boy: Yes, ma'am. I like my father and mother, but I love pie.

The Ruling Passion.—"Yes, I quarreled with my wife about nothing." "Why didn't you make up?" "I'm going to. All I'm worried about now is the indemnity."

Queer Charge!—"You are charged," said the policeman, "with having voted twice." "Charged, am I?" muttered the prisoner. "That's odd. I expected to be paid for it."

Seeing the Metropolis.—Stephen Ruralborn: Father, that tall structure is the famous "flat-iron" building. Hiram Ruralborn: Well, well! that's where they make the flat-irons for the hull world.

He Proved It.—Lady (in party viewing stone quarry): And which is the foreman? Casey (proudly)—Of am. Lady—Really? Casey—Of kin prove ut. (Calls to laborer). "Kelly. Kelly! yer folred!"

Pretty Lucky.—Friend of the Family: You are very lucky, my boy, to be the seventh son. It will bring you everlasting fortune. Son No. 7: It hasn't so far. All it's brought yet is the old clothes of my six brothers.

"Do you think that the automobile will displace the horse?" asked the conversational young woman. "It will," answered the nervous young man as he gazed down the road, "if it ever hits him."—Washington Star.

Parson Cooch.—De choir will now sing dat beautiful hymn, 'We haint Got Long to Stay Here,' arter singin' which day will consider demselves discharged and file out quietly. We will hab only congregational singin' hereafter.—Puck.

A Rehearsal.—"Elsie!" exclaimed the girl's mother, "why are you shouting in that horrible fashion? Why can't you be quiet, like Willie?" "He's got to be quiet, the way we're playin'," replied Elsie. "He's papa coming home late, and I'm you."

Visitor—Digging potatoes, eh? Farmer's Boy—Yep. Visitor—What do you get for digging potatoes? Farmer's Boy—Nawthin'. But I git somethin' fer not diggin' 'em. Visitor—Indeed? What would you get for not digging them? Farmer's Boy—Licked.—Judge.

Careful.—Philip had gone to bring in the new kittens to show them to a visitor. His mother, hearing a shrill mewling, called out, "Don't hurt the kittens, Philip!" From the hall came the reassuring answer, "Oh, no. I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems."

Absent-minded.—"Talk about absent-mindedness! Jenkins is the most absent-minded man I know." "What's he done now?" "Why, he wrote the combination of the safe on a piece of paper to keep from forgetting it, and then locked the paper in the safe to keep from losing it."

Contrary Counsel.—The church was packed, even the aisles lined with chairs. Just before the benediction the thoughtful clergyman, who loved order, thus admonished his hearers: "In passing out, please remain seated until the ushers have removed the chairs from the aisles."

Fully Explained.—Teasing Friend: "What makes that new baby at your home cry so much, Tommy? Tommy (indignantly)—It don't cry so very much; and anyway, if all your teeth were out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying yourself."

"I wish to adopt a child," said the wealthy woman in the orphan asylum, "what have you?" "Oh, we have them in all shades," replied the polite lady superintendent, "which do you prefer?" "I think a blonde child will be most appropriate," answered the wealthy woman, "my auto is finished in blue."—Puck.

Clear as Mud.—"I was going over Westminster bridge the other day, and I met Patsy Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are ye?' 'Purty well, thank ye, Donnelly,' says he. 'Donnelly?' says I; 'that's not my name.' 'Sure an' mine isn't Hewins,' says he. An' so we looked at each other again, an' it turned out to be neither of us."

A Trifle Unconventional.—An eccentric farmer was married the other night. "Do you," said the preacher, "take this woman to be your wedded wife, to love and to cherish in sickness and health, for better, for worse, for rich or poor, until death do you part?" There was an awkward pause. Then the bridegroom finally replied, "Them's the calculations."

Punctuation.—A high school girl said to her father the other night: "I've got a sentence here I'd like you to punctuate. You know something about punctuation, don't you?" "A little," said her cautious parent. This is what he read: "A five dollar bill flew around the corner." He studied it carefully. "Well," he finally said, "I simply put a period after it, like this, 'I wouldn't,'" said the high school girl, "I'd make a dash after it."



As a preventive of fog when pyro-soda is being employed, and an excess of alkali has been necessitated to overcome under-exposure, the addition of soap to the developer has been recommended by a high authority. Of course, in the first place, the purity of the soap to be used must be ensured, and for this reason castile soap, which can always be obtained from a pharmaceutical chemist in satisfactory condition, may be named. From two to three grammes of the soap having been rubbed down in a mortar with water, the solution is made up to 150 cubic centimeters. This solution is used instead of water in compounding the developer. As an example of its use the following particulars may be given: In developing a half-plate, sufficient of the soap-water to cover the plate is poured into the dish, then add 10 drops of Nos. 1 and 2 or 3 drops of No. 2. The solutions referred to as No. 1 and No. 2 are as follows: No. 1.—Pyrogallie acid, 8 parts; alcohol, 50 parts; glycerine, 8 parts No. 2.—Water, 60 parts; sulphite of sodium, 12 parts; soda, 5 parts; glycerine, 10 parts.

Compared with bromide papers, platinotype is singularly free from those mysterious stains and marks which so often make their appearance upon the high lights, but yellow stains do occur occasionally, and are due either to the use of dirty developer—i. e., developer which has been used too often—to the employment of commercial muriatic acid in place of pure hydrochloric, or to the insufficient immersion of the print in the acid bath. To prevent staining with old developer, and yet not throw the oxalate solution away after it has been once used, have two bottles, one containing the fresh oxalate solution and the other empty, and put a funnel and filter in the neck of the empty bottle. Then, after each print is developed, the developer is poured through the filter into the new bottle, instead of mixing with and discoloring the clean solution. When bottle No. 1 is empty No. 2 will be full, when the process will be reversed, the filter removing each time the dirty green sediment.

Marks also occur in platinotype prints as a result of placing them to dry upon a dirty surface, the highly absorbent paper soaking up stains, such as ink or coloring matter. Only white blotting paper, perfectly clean, should, therefore, be used for this purpose. Marks due to dirty fingers, dust, etc., are best removed by clean india rubber, light friction being used. Black spots, due to pinholes in the negative, can be picked out with a needle, the minute hole being afterward smoothed over with india rubber.—Amateur Photographer.

THE SEASONS.

When comes spring?
When blithest the robins sing,
And the violet has her hour?
Not till the heart's in flower
Is it spring.

When comes June?
At the time of the thrush's tune,
Of all beauties below and above?
When reddens the rose of love,
Then comes June.

Autumn's when?
When grasses rasp in the fen,
And the face of the field is wan!
When joys are faded, gone,
Autumn's then.

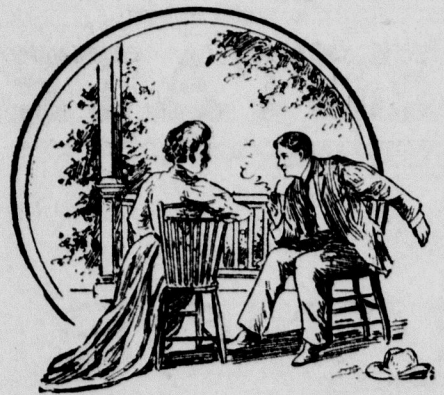
Winter hoar,
Comes he with the storm-wind's roar
And all lorn Nature's ruth?
'Tis winter when love and youth
Are no more.
—Century.

A MATCH-MAKER.

"I'm convinced that matchmaking is not my forte," remarked young Mrs. Canby, as she and her caller talked over the events of the last summer.

"Why, did you try your hand at that dangerous occupation?"

"Well, I suppose every woman has the fever some time or other. My at-



HE SEEMED QUITE IMPRESSED.

tack came on in August, when Lucy Owings was visiting me at Seemore cottage. You know she is an orphan. I have thought for a long time that she ought to marry and have a home of her own, instead of living with her guardian and his cranky housekeeper. It occurred to me that she and that young Everett were just suited to each other. I concluded that if they could only be together for a time they would become engaged. So I sent him an invitation to come for a week or two to Seemore cottage.

"When I told Lucy that he was coming she seemed very much startled. She asked, at once, 'Why, how did you happen to invite him?'"

"She looked at me so searchingly that I feared she saw through my little plan and I was quite embarrassed.

"I couldn't tell whether she was pleased or displeased at the idea of his coming. When they met their greeting was so stiff and formal that I began to think they disliked each other. But I reflected that if they did it would be all the more credit to me if I made them see each other's good qualities.

"The first evening young Everett was there and I sat on the porch after Lucy and the children had gone upstairs. I took the opportunity to tell him my opinion of Lucy. Of course, I

had sense enough not to bore him by gushing over her charms. I just remarked in an off-hand way that I thought it remarkable that a girl who had received so much attention should not be spoiled. I said, too, that any man who wanted her would have to look sharp, for she had too many admirers to be easily won. He seemed quite impressed and said that he had always understood her to be a very popular girl.

"I was afraid that I had said too much, so I added that I was sure the right man needn't despair of getting her. He glanced at me keenly, and I felt that I had already awakened his interest in her by my judicious remark.

"Well, without making it too marked, I tried to leave them alone together as much as possible. I gave them the use of the boat and pony trap, and warned the children not to follow them about. But they didn't appear to get on well together, and I began to think they would never come to an understanding. They treated each other with a formality that was almost coldness. Any effort on my part to put them on easier terms seemed to send them both into a panic. I began to believe that there was a strong antipathy between them, and I regretted that I had ever thought of having them at the cottage together.

"While in this state of mind I went out to our little summer house one evening with a lantern to look for a book I had left there. To my unbounded surprise I found it occupied by Lucy and young Everett. Lucy had gone to her room early in the evening and young Everett was, I supposed, smoking on the side porch. They sprang away from each other, and looking very guilty and embarrassed, got into the farthest opposite corners of the tiny house.

"I tried to appear unaware of anything unusual, but Lucy began to cry and young Everett looked so uncomfortable that I asked rather brusquely, perhaps, 'What's the matter with you two innocents?'"

"We are married, and we didn't want anyone to know it," sobbed Lucy.

"Married? I cried.

"Yes, married," said young Everett, coming out of his corner. "There is no reason why every one shouldn't know it. We were married in Michigan the week before Lucy came up here, but she didn't want it known until the match had her guardian's approval. You know he went to Europe and left her with that fussy old housekeeper. Do you wonder that I made her marry me?"

"You've been so good to us," said Lucy. "I've almost sure you had guessed our secret. If you had only known it, what a lovely time we could have had!" she sighed.

"Weren't you indignant?" asked the caller. "What did you do?"

"I just asked them to stay another week and have a real honeymoon. While they were there a kind message came from Lucy's guardian, and so we had the marriage announced in the newspapers. I think they'll be happy ever after, but I can't flatter myself that I made the match."—Chicago News.

A Good Memory.

Lenditt—You borrowed \$10 of me last month and promised to pay in two days. You must have a bad memory. Spenditt—Fierce! I remember it perfectly!—Puck.

KNOWS MENU FRENCH

PA JONES PROVES HIMSELF A WONDER FOR ONE DAY.

He Orders Dinner in the Seaside Hotel and Gets What He Wants Without Giving Ma Jones Cause to Faint on the Spot.

"Remember, Henry, that we are at the seashore now, and for mercy's sake, don't act like Hedge Corners!" remarked Ma Jones, as she dived into a trunk and hauled out a spider's web waist, trimmed with mist. "You are too careless in your dress and speech for anything, and I am so dreadfully afraid that you will mortify me that I don't know what to do!"

"Let not your heart be troubled, sweet one!" reassuring response of Pa. "You can always depend on your Uncle Henry! You can bet on him every time! It is ten to one that he will be dashing under the wire while you, your dear mother, and little Fido will be walking up the home stretch!"

"Indeed!" was the scornful rejoinder of Ma as she threw a wifely glare at the old man. "I presume you think we don't know how to conduct ourselves properly! I suppose you think

"That's all right, Mary! That's all right!" interposed Pa. "I know you have been reading a book of etiquette, and if the whole business of you don't make monkeys of yourself it won't be the fault of the man who wrote it! This way of putting on a shine that you can buy for 10 cents at the corner news stand doesn't tickle me a bit! I would rather be natural, even if I act like a yap!"

"Yes, I know you would, you heathen!" rejoined Ma in her sweet wifely way. "It is just like you! It is just like all the rest of the Joneses! But I want to tell you right here that if you cannot conduct yourself in a formal way I shall have my meals served in my room!"

"No, you won't, Smithy! No, you won't!" returned the brutal Pa. "You wouldn't miss an opportunity to parade that waist in the dining room, even if you had to lead me down tied to the end of a pale pink ribbon! I know you, dear one, like a preacher knows his prayers, and I'm willing to bet a hundred that no woman ever suffered from a loss of appetite at a seashore hotel unless her best gown was in the wash."

"You pretty pet! You dear old thief!" exclaimed the exasperated Ma. "You know it all! You are a wonder! But I—"

"Forget it, Mary! Forget it!" interposed Pa, with a self-satisfied smile. "Put the rest of it on ice and keep it! Sing it next month, or better still, keep it until next winter, when we have nothing else to fight over! Now, then, continue your instruction! Show me how to keep step with your pride! Tell me what to do in order to act like a Smith! Tell me—"

"Well, in the first place," said Ma, with a dignified air, "I want you to put on evening dress and go down stairs looking like a gentleman instead of a Jones. Then I want to call your attention to the fact that the menu card will be printed in French, but that need not worry you. All that you have to do is to sit still, look wise, and when the waiter asks you if you will have this dish or that just nod your head and you will get by without letting others at the table know that you ever came from Hedge Corners! Moreover, don't try to dig into things like you did down at Cousin Hez's, or I shall die on the spot!"

"Don't worry, Mary! Don't worry!" responded the sanguine Pa. "I am wise to the ways of dodging French menu cards and before dinner is over you will be waving the glad flag while I slide through with bells on!"

Two hours later Ma majestically swept into the hotel dining room, decked out in halleujah rags, and took a seat at one of the tables with all the formal agony that was ever pictured in a work of etiquette.

Pa Jones followed with the rest of the delegation, and lost no time in seizing a menu card. This he knowingly scanned for a moment, while Ma looked on with anxious eye.

"What will de gem-man have, sah?" asked the waiter as he filled Pa's water glass.

"There is nothing on this card that I care for," was the prompt reply of Pa, as he disdainfully shoved the grub list from him.

"Henry," whispered Ma, with a wild-eyed glare, "remember what I told you!"

"Madame," said Pa, with some emotion, "will you be good enough to chew off your own corn? I am—"

"Perhaps the gem-man would like something else," suggested the darkey, putting more water in Pa's glass.

"I certainly would, monsieur," replied Pa, with a grinning glance at his little Mary. "You may bring me rosbif, sans jus, et pomme de terre."

"Beg pardon, sah," returned the darkey. "But would yo' mind givin' me dat ordah again?"

"I want roast beef and potatoes," answered the bluffing Pa. "I would have given you the order in English, but after looking at the menu card I don't think you knew anything but French, unless it was Lombard street Spanish."

Pa got his order, and Ma, who thought she would have to faint, recovered in time to see all the other diners looking enviously at the old man.

"You thought you were awfully smart, didn't you, you silly simpleton?"

said Ma, when they were alone. "Where did you get your French?" "Nickel in the slot machine down on the Boardwalk, lovey-dovey!" responded Pa, with a tickled look. "By the judicious use of about 25 cents you can get the key to all the menu cards on earth."

With this Pa Jones went out on the hotel veranda, set fire to a cigar, and for one day at least he was regarded as a wonder.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

OLD NEW ENGLAND IRON MINE.

Furnace Built in 1820 Turns Out Highest Grade Metal in America.

The oldest iron mine in New England, out of which comes the highest grade of metal in America, has resumed operation after having been "modernized" at a cost of \$20,000, says the New York Herald.

It was in the early '20s that strikes of iron in the Berkshire hills were made. With a great wooden wheel to furnish power, a furnace was established at this place in 1820. John C. Coffin and Alexander Holley were the founders. Both were from Connecticut, and the latter was afterward Governor of the Nutmeg State.

Coffin's sons took up the business after he laid it down, and through the hands of many noted men, among them former Senator Barnum and Roswald B. Mason, it has passed down to the present.

R. A. Burget is now president, after having been connected with the firm two score years, and W. H. Hall is treasurer.

There is no great bustle or rush, as in some Pennsylvania places. The demand for such good iron as these hills give up is limited, and just as the iron is good, so the ore is poor.

One hundred tons a week is an average output—for only 42 per cent of the ore is metallic iron—while the lake ores average 60 to 65 per cent.

Hidden in the woods is the furnace, and one comes upon it suddenly after a journey over a road whose soil is black with charcoal dust and whose foundation is sharp with flintlike substance that is blown from the furnace while the ore is "cooking."

While only one furnace is running now, during the civil war three were running full blast.

This was before the days of steel, and the iron mostly went to South Boston, where the guns that Capt. Rodman invented were cast from it.

It was at this time that the iron works laid aside the old water wheel that had worked so faithfully and put in the present engine. The engine is old-fashioned now, but it does the work. They ran it once, not long ago, for three years and fourteen days, day and night, without stopping, and it has just started out after a new record.

The iron from Berkshire ore seems peculiarly adapted for car wheels, gun castings and other uses for which a high-grade metal is desired. The car wheels of passenger coaches to-day are usually steel-rimmed, no matter what their interior material, paper, wood or soft iron, but the freight car wheels are iron—and nearly all of them are Berkshire hills iron.

A railroad runs within a short distance of the furnace, and a branch may be run up to the very door.

This is an improvement on the old days, when the iron and the miners were there, but the railroad was not, and instead of "f. o. b. Richmond," prices had to be quoted with the contingency of a haul to the Hudson river in mud.

The Indian of To-day.

Something more than four centuries have gone by since Columbus dawned on the view of the American red man. The red man's horizon has broadened in that time. A young man who describes his adventures among the Sioux for the Booklovers' Magazine found the warriors of the plains unimpressed by the noble paleface.

"Why do they call the Fourth of July 'Independence day?'" an old warrior asked, as they sat by the campfire.

The explanation was somewhat incoherent, but included mention of a war with Great Britain.

"Oh, yes, I have been there," remarked the Indian, reminiscently.

"London is a fine city," Then up spoke another brave from from where he squatted, with dripping rain streaking his warpaint: "I like Paris better."

The white man gasped.

"Archibald was born in Berlin," said the female Sphinx at the lard-pails, turning to indicate the child who grinned toothlessly in the background.

"Which do you prefer?" they asked.

"It has stopped raining," said the white man, "and I must be going."

Later it transpired that one was a Carlisle graduate, and all had been abroad with Buffalo Bill.

Retribution.

"Good gracious! These fat men will be the ruin of me!" exclaimed the automatic scales; "that last one simply put me on the bum."

"Well," replied the chewing gum machine, "now you can lie in weight for the next one."—Philadelphia Press.

A Hard One.

"Pop," answered the son.

"Isn't a rock a large stone?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, does a diamond ever get big enough to be called a rock, pop?"—Yonkers Statesman.

The truth about the matter is that it doesn't mean much when a young man goes on his knees to a woman, and an old man's knees are so stiff he isn't able to.



"Some people have all the luck," grumbled the bill clerk. "They're always tumbling on their feet—both feet—on some good thing. I don't know how it is, but they do it."

"That's true," agreed the cashier. "Take you, for example. How you manage to hold your job proves it. Here you are doing nothing but mess up the office stationery all day, except when you are stopping to talk or going out to lunch, and drawing your cool \$15 per week for doing it. Talk about luck!"

"I just had a letter from home," pursued the bill clerk, not noticing the insinuation. "There's a cousin of mine just got married to a girl who's got more money than some folks have here. He's got a half interest in a store there and I suppose in another year or two he'll own the whole thing. The worst-looking little lobster you ever saw. Nothing to him. He knows something about running his store, I suppose, but that's all he does know."

"It's just as well to know something about what you do to earn a living," commented the cashier. "I've often tried to impress that on you."

"I've got a few ideas outside of business," boasted the bill clerk, "but this fellow hasn't. He went into that store twelve years ago and swept it out and sorted potatoes down cellar and cleaned the showcases and delivered groceries—just plugged along that way, and the first thing you know they had him in as clerk and paid him six a week when he'd only been getting three before. If that wasn't luck, I bet he thought it was."

"Then he slaved on there weighing

out sugar and measuring off muslin, for a couple of years longer—never had the gumption or ambition to get out and do better. He'd have gone on that way forever, quite satisfied, but they gave him another raise. He wasn't expecting it. It was just his luck again. He never went out anywhere or spent any money—just grubbed along, perfectly contented. The old man boosted him up another notch. That's the way it's been going ever since. Now, as I say, he's got a half interest in the store and he's going to marry a girl who's got money. Just bull-headed luck!"

"That's what's the matter," said the cashier. "If he'd started in right and kicked on sweeping the floor and put the job inside of a month to get an easier one it's just as likely as not he wouldn't have been so lucky. If he'd put in time acquiring information about equine records and baseball scores and hunted up a few other boys of similar tastes and blown his surplus earnings for fancy vests and other giddy garments and learned to smoke cigarettes and otherwise conducted himself in a deserving manner he might have been as unlucky as some other good fellows I could mention."

"That's all right," said the bill clerk, "but how about the girl? She didn't have to marry him. She's got money and could have taken her pick. It didn't have anything to do with the way he worked, his getting her. And he's no beauty. I want to tell you. Wasn't that luck?"

"You never can tell," said the cashier. "It might have been judgment."—Chicago Daily News.



London's first Turkish bath under municipal control was opened recently. A bath costs 50 cents.

There are 20,000 more men than women in Iowa, and the State is also short of school teachers.

Butchers' meat is now more expensive in Germany than in any other European country except Russia.

During a wedding at Grafenbaum, Austria, lightning struck the church and tore away the bridegroom's right foot.

Pierre Dalbec, a French Canadian, who has been visiting Paris, ate forty-eight boiled eggs at a sitting recently in order to win a wager.

A communication received by a London firm read: "I beg to inform you that Mr. ——— passed away yesterday at the request of his widow."

Governor George H. Utter, of Rhode Island, is a Seventh-Day Adventist, and therefore on the last day of the week the executive department of the State does no business.

The recent electrical exhibition in London was such a financial success that the executive committee has been able to refund to the exhibitors much of the money they paid for space.

It is declared on the authority of a leading member of the Automobile Club of America that there is one chauffeur in New York City who is receiving an annual salary of \$6,000.

The "Apaches," the roughs of Paris, are being instructed in jiu-jitsu by an ex-convict and ex-prize fighter, so as to be on even terms with the police, who are also being instructed in the art.

In the "Situations Wanted" in the London Express was this advertisement: "Galloping consumption of means; Dr. Work wanted. Address, Patient, Bed 648, Daily Express, Tudor street."

One of the British naval officers captured on the Moroccan coast by Valiente, the bandit, wrote to some friends in England recently: "El Valiente is a very handsome man and quite a gentleman."

The men employed in the Bombay cotton mills are agitating for longer hours. They ask for a return to the old 13-hour day in place of the present day of 12 hours, with extra payment for the additional hour.

John Clarke, "the walking king," was walking around the world for a wager till Nov. 4. On that day he was arrested at Grimsey, England, for stealing two rings, and will not be able to resume his walk for eight months.

The Rev. Tom Collins, well known in the East End of London as the coster-mongers' parson, is enormously popular with the people among whom he labors. He talks with them on sporting matters, preaches in his shirt sleeves while they sit and smoke, and sometimes he smokes with them.

After waiting seven years for Chas. H. Evans, the son of the late Solomon Evans, to appear, the Methodist Church of Rochester, N. Y., becomes the beneficiary to the extent of \$28,933.47, under the will of the elder Evans, who died in July, 1898.

Methodists of this country have undertaken the task of raising \$250,000 for an India jubilee fund. Bishop Thoburn is chairman of the committee on the fund, and will go to India to take

part in the celebration, which is to be held at Bareilly.

A London coroner remarked recently that a law should be passed against the use of old medical prescriptions. Prescriptions useful at one time, he said, may be deadly when used again by people whose physical condition has wholly changed.

An old inhabitant of the village of Maida Moreton, near Buckingham, in England, has passed away. She was Miss Mary Jones. She never possessed a clock or a timepiece of any description during the whole of her lifetime of eight years. She timed her movements accurately by instinct, as primitive peoples do.

John C. Martin, a successful coal operator turned philanthropist, has established departments for the training of colored men as ministers in no fewer than eleven small colleges of the South. Young men are instructed in Bible truths simply, Mr. Martin having no special denominational bias to favor. Hence the preachers going out from these departments enter any religious body they choose.

DOG'S BONE SAVED MAN.

It Was Grafted Onto the Leg of an Injured Mechanic.

Grafting the bone from a dog's leg onto the leg of a man, to replace some five inches of bone that had been removed, and so saving to the man his leg, was the remarkable surgical feat performed by a local surgeon, says the San Francisco Chronicle. It was the first recorded case of grafting upon the human bone the bone of one of the lower animals. The patient, a Swede, 45 years old, had fallen about twelve feet to the pavement, causing a compound fracture of the right leg near the ankle. The fracture resisted treatment and in the course of time five inches of the bone were removed. It seemed the only thing left was amputation. The surgeon determined to attempt to graft the bone from the foreleg of a dog to the saved-off end of the leg bone of the man. A small black-and-tan dog was selected for the experiment, placed under ether, and his leg prepared. The ends of the bones of the man and the dog were united by silver wire, and dog and man fastened rigidly together in a plaster cast. The report says: "The man suffered very little pain or inconvenience except for two or three days, during which the dog was restless and would attempt to move. The more the dog would move the more pain was inflicted, not only upon the dog, but upon the man. The dog soon realized this, so that it was not necessary after the fourth day to give the dog morphine to keep him quiet. The dog and the man became very much attached to each other." Five weeks later the bones had knitted firmly and the dog was removed by sawing off his leg. The other end of the new bone was united to the man's bone without difficulty. Six months after the union the thin bone from the dog had grown and developed almost to the size of the original bone in the man's leg. The man walks with a cane, but can get along without it if necessary.

Just for Fun.

Though they had never met b-4, What cause had she 2 care? She loved him 10-derly because He was a 1,000,000 aire.—Baltimore American.

When a young man marries, his mother wonders why, and when she has seen the girl, she wonders still more.

THE ENTERPRISE

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BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1906.

The California Promotion Committee is constantly at work building up our State and advertising its resources to the world. As a factor in building up California, its influence can hardly be estimated.

Why not organize a committee in this place to work in harmony with the Promotion Committee and at the same time build up our town. Not only would this assist us in locating industries, but it would also bring investors here who would build homes and beautify our town.

In its issue of December 23d, the Enterprise reprinted an article entitled, "What one man is doing," and by mistake credited the same to the San Mateo Leader, instead of the San Mateo Times, in which latter-named paper the article originally appeared. The Enterprise did not purloin the article in question, and has never in any instance appropriated matter of any kind, news or otherwise, without giving credit therefor. In this instance we gave wrong credit through a mistake, which we very much regret. The misstatements made editorially by the Times, under the caption of "Newspaper Clippings and Credits," regarding the general character and conduct of the Enterprise, we pass over as unworthy of notice.

The sales of real estate in the city of San Francisco during the last year reached the stupendous figures of over \$74,000,000. San Francisco is growing very rapidly and the time is at hand when the city will grow down the peninsula, the only direction in which it can extend its limits. Already the best tracts of land have been taken up by investors. South San Francisco being so close to the city, located on the bay, with a good deep water front, is bound to grow in importance. Real estate here is comparatively cheap. The water front offers a splendid opportunity for factory sites. The many large firms of San Francisco are realizing this and a number are now looking in this direction. Within the present year we expect to see a number of large firms permanently established here. The ones who secure sites in the near future will, indeed, be fortunate. Get ready for the future by establishing yourself now.

RETROSPECTION AND PROTECTION.

From the beginning to the end of the year seems but a short time when it is passed and gone, said a friend of ours in conversation the other day. At the beginning of the year just passed, I fully intended to procure a lot on which a cottage might be built, and instead of paying rent, pay for a home, but didn't do it, and property has advanced to such an extent I do not see how I can do it now. But the wife, what does she think about it, I asked; "Oh, she says if her advice had been taken a year ago we would have got much nearer the goal of our ambition than we are now. Better carry out the resolution we made last year now, says the better half. With the advancement of South City, we will then advance with it, and beside the example to our children will have its effect. It appears the wife has been saving at every turn, and today, the savings being brought out, the wife: "Here's fifty, go and secure that same lot if possible. We decided on purchasing at the beginning of the year, let both names appear on the bond, we will pay the balance by installments. I have enough left for the brick foundation, and you will prove yourself a brick if you will take care of the balance." "It's a go, says the boss." And the cottage will undoubtedly be built. A home, oh, how long we have wanted. A place we could call our own; Though not young, yet nothing has daunted.

The hope, no power can dethrone, Now the chance of life lies before us; A home, yes, a heaven upon earth, 'Twill be our own, I can be contented In the county and state of my birth.

THE MISSION.

The service Sunday evening last will be memorable for the hymns of praise sung by the congregation and the opening prayer of the pastor, the central thought of which was: God giveth strength to do better things, to live a better life; the words we have uttered, the acts performed, can never be recalled; we have done those things we ought not to have done, and left undone those things we ought to have done. The new year is near; may we dedicate all we have and all we are to him whose birth we have so recently celebrated, and may he come, by his Holy Spirit, into our midst tonight and consecrate the whole.

The sermon, founded on the 7th

verse of the 17th chapter of St. John's gospel, contained thoughts appropriate to the closing year. In part the pastor said: How swiftly the days have flown. It seems but yesterday the year just leaving us entered on its mission. The famous Napoleon, just before the battle of Waterloo, said: "What would I not give if power was given me to retard the sun in its course for at least two hours." A queen once said: "Doctor, I will give you half my possessions for one more hour of life." The torrent of time is resistless; time flies so fast you can scarcely hear the rustling of its wings, and it is probable that some of us will not see the close of the year at whose threshold we stand.

Secondly, every business man at this time of the year takes stock; spiritually it is our duty to take stock and find out on which side the balance lies, be it for or against us.

Third, the test of friendship and love for the master, it will come to you during the coming year, in Sabbath school work, in the building for worship of the new church, with the dedication of the same to the service of the Master. "Oh, may we all our powers engage to do the Master's will." May it be ours to improve the talents God has given us, then with his blessing on our homes and the families contained therein, we shall be able to offer ourselves a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service. Hymn 174 being sung, the pastor closed with prayer, commending all to the tender care of the Supreme Ruler over all.

CONFIDENCE.

When our leading merchants branch out and add to their property holdings in South San Francisco, it is not only a sign of prosperity, but of confidence in the future of our burg.

Mr. E. W. Laugenbach, one of our leading merchants, purchased property this week, right in the heart of the business district, the same being the Vandenberg lot and improvements, having a frontage of fifty feet on Grand avenue, near the drug store. There are three stores on the property, all occupied and bringing in good returns on the investment.

Undoubtedly the present owner contemplates extensive improvements in the future. The location is right for a good business block, and with the growing needs of South San Francisco Mr. Laugenbach will be able to extend his business in proportion to the city's requirements and growth.

Mr. Gaerdes has purchased fifty feet adjoining his store, and Mr. Debenedetti has bought the Merriam corner on Grand avenue, opposite the Merriam Block. These investments by our leading merchants at advanced prices is the best evidence possible of their confidence in this town's future.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

One-Legged Peddler Killed.

Fresno.—E. H. Martin, a one-legged man, was run over and killed by a switch engine at the Tulare-street crossing of the Southern Pacific. Martin failed to heed the warning shouts of a watchman. His body was dragged for a block and a half. Martin was a peddler, and until recently ran a donkey engine for the Fresno Flume and Irrigation Company. He has a son in Bakersfield.

Coal Men Indicted.

Cincinnati.—The Grand Jury has returned a joint indictment against representatives of the leading coal companies doing business in Cincinnati. The indictment includes over twenty names, and charges that the companies or their representatives have associated themselves together for the purpose of fixing and establishing prices of coal.

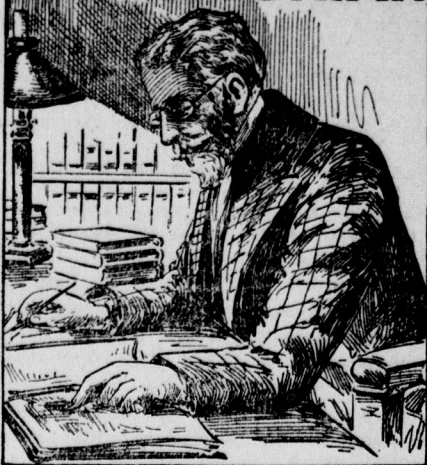
No Foreign Power May Interfere.

London.—The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph at Tokio says that the only secret arrangement entered into between China and Japan is a definite agreement under which China solemnly promises Japan never to allow any other power to establish itself in or to interfere with the railroad being built to Mukden and Siamintin and Kirin and Changchun.

Train Couldn't Kill This Miner.

Redding.—Charles Draier, a miner of Auburn, Placer county, was struck by the southbound freight train near Middle creek, and was hurled down a ten foot embankment. He was picked up for dead and taken to a hospital. He later regained consciousness, and is apparently uninjured.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1213—First regular English Parliament assembled at Oxford.

1499—Perkin Warbeck, pretender to the throne of England, executed at Tyburn.

1538—Proclamation issued by Henry VIII, declaring Thomas Becket not a saint.

1572—First Presbyterian meeting house in England opened.

1621—The little ship Fortune from England arrived at Plymouth, Mass.

1644—Henry McMane executed at Tyburn for conspiring Irish massacre.

1656—Treaty of Liebau signed by Charles X. and the Great Elector.

1689—Treaty of alliance signed between Peter of Russia and Augustus II. of Poland.

1712—Duel between Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun. Both killed.

1737—Queen Caroline of England died.

1772—Three hundred chests of tea thrown overboard at Boston because of the duty imposed by England.

1777—Articles of Confederation of the United States agreed to. American Congress recalled Silas Deane from Paris and appointed John Adams.

1793—Passage of the American Declaration of Independence. The British, Fort Lee, N. J., on the Hudson, opposite upper New York City, captured by the British.

1785—Sir David Wilkie, English painter, born; died 1841.

1789—North Carolina ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1796—Catherine II. (the Great), empress of Russia, died at St. Petersburg; born 1729.

1797—Thurloe Weed born.

1805—British and Russian forces land in Naples.

1806—Napoleon issued a decree declaring the British Isles in a state of blockade.

1811—Great riots at Nottingham, England. John Bright, great English statesman, born.

1813—Battle of Leipzig.

1815—Second Peace of Paris.

1816—Bells of Notre Dame, Paris, baptized.

1834—Melbourne ministry dissolved.

1846—Cracow annexed to Austria.

1848—Assassination of Count Rossi, first minister to Pius IX. at Rome.

1849—Steamer Louisiana exploded at New Orleans. Nearly 100 killed.

1852—Labos islands difficulty between United States and Peru settled.

1857—Relief of Lucknow.

1862—Gen. Sumner demanded surrender of Fredericksburg, Va.

1864—Treaty of peace between Denmark, Prussia and Austria ratified. Gen. Sherman began his march to the sea.

1866—First G. A. R. post instituted at Decatur, Ill.

1870—Duke of Aosta elected King of Spain.

1873—Encyclical letter issued by Pius IX. against Old Catholics.

1883—Standard time adopted in States east of the Rocky mountains. Four standards adjusted to be an hour apart and to differ by exact hours from Greenwich were adopted. The divisions are eastern time, central time, Rocky mountain time and Pacific time, being respectively 75 degrees, 90 degrees, 105 degrees and 120 degrees west of Greenwich.

1886—Chester Alan Arthur, twenty-first President of the United States, died in New York City; born 1830.

1888—Rear Admiral Charles H. Baldwin, Union naval veteran, died in New York City; born there 1822.

1891—Ex-King Milan of Serbia renounced all rights to the throne.

1893—Town of Kuchan, province of Khorassan, Persia, destroyed by an earthquake; over 12,000 people killed.

1894—Jose Salvador, anarchist who threw bomb in Barcelona theater and killed many persons, garroted.

1897—President McKinley signed the treaty adopted by the Universal Postal Congress. Rev. George Hendricks Houghton, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration (the Little Church Around the Corner), died in New York, aged 77.

1898—Michigan State Supreme Court declared boycotting illegal.

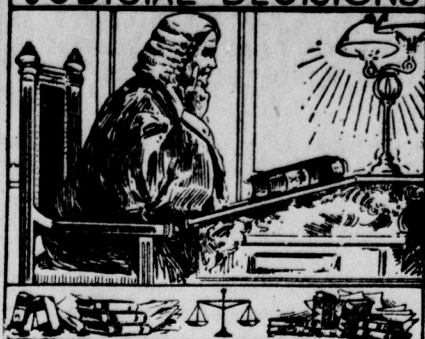
1899—Admiral Dewey transferred to his wife the Washington house given him by the American people. Garrett A. Hobart, Vice President of the United States, died.

1901—James J. Jeffries defeated Gus Ruhlin in a battle for the world's pugilistic championship at San Francisco.

1903—A canal treaty with the new republic of Panama signed at Washington.

1904—King Edward VII. of England arrived in Portugal on a visit to King Carlos.

JUDICIAL DECISIONS



An acceptance in writing of a formal and carefully prepared option for the sale of land, within the time allowed by it for acceptance, using the formal words, "according to terms of the option given me," to which there is added by the conjunction "and" a request for a departure from its terms as to the time and place of performance, is held, in *Turner vs. McCormick* (W. Va.), 67 L. R. A. 853, to be unconditional and to convert the option into an executory contract of sale.

That a bill which is introduced into the legislature within the time designated by the constitution may become a law, although the constitutional authority for such legislation is not granted until after the expiration of the time when bills might constitutionally be introduced for passage at the pending session of the legislature, is held in *Morrison vs. Kent* (Mich.), 67 L. R. A. 965. The construction of constitutional limitations as to time for introduction of bills in legislative assemblies is the subject of a note to this case.

The right of a public corporation organized to provide a drainage system, to contest its liability to make compensation for injuries done to riparian owners by taking water from a navigable stream to supply its ditch, upon the ground that incidentally it has created a navigable channel, and that the public is not liable for injuries to riparian owners in consequence of the improvement of navigation, is denied in *Beldier vs. Sanitary District of Chicago* (Ill.), 67 L. R. A. 820. The right to improve navigability of stream is the subject of a note to this case.

Failure of a master to take precautions to prevent electric wires in process of being strung on telephone poles from reels from coming in contact with a trolley feed wire charged with a powerful current, or to supply his employees with rubber gloves or other devices to prevent the communication to them of a serious shock in case the wires become charged, is held, in *Burns vs. Delaware & A. Teleg. Co.* (N. J. Err. & App.), 67 L. R. A. 956, to render him liable for injury to employees attending the reels, who receive a severe shock by reason of one or more of the telephone wires coming in contact with the trolley feed wire because of their sagging or breaking.

WOMEN IN HARVEST FIELDS.

They Save Farmers of South Dakota from Heavy Loss.

It is not generally known that women played an important part in the gathering of the vast crops of the prosperous South Dakota farmer, but it is a fact that a large part of the manual labor on the Bonhomme county farms was performed by women and girls.

When the farmer saw the vast fields of wheat and oats and other grains waving yellow and loaded with rich yielding heads, he was perplexed to find sufficient help to garner in the grain. Men were scarce and many times could not be had at the best of wages. The alternative was to call on the women. They responded nobly and to see women and girls driving six horses hitched to a binder or header in this part of the State was no unusual sight. Those who could not be used as drivers worked as ordinary men in the fields or at other menial labor.

Among the Russians in this county, women did most of the work this year. They all went at their tasks with light hearts and the farmer smiled when he saw his fields reaped and the grain gathered in stacks or thrashed. There were no fancy dresses worn in the fields, nor were there any fancy dishes on the tables of these thrifty people. There were no trees to shade the weary ones on the edges of the fields, nor did the fair ones carry umbrellas. They did not even think of these things, for it was the gathering of the crops that they were intent on.

Women and girls, when they worked away from home this summer, were paid as high as \$2.50 a day, with their board. Farmers say that in many cases they are preferable to men, as they can be trusted.

Women in this State are also playing a very important part in the handling of political affairs. There is no law that says a woman cannot hold office. In fact, several are now holding the office of county superintendent of schools. Other offices have been filled with great honor by bright, pretty women. At the same time, the women of South Dakota make the very best wives to be found in the land.

The Danger.

"Do you think, doctor, that indolence necessarily tends to obesity?"
"Um—not necessarily, perhaps, but when people do nothing but take up room they are quite likely to find it difficult—er—not to overdo, don't you know?"

Bad for Britain.

The number of divorces is increasing rapidly in England.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

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Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,** South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

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ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

**HAMBURG-BREMEN,
GERMAN-AMERICAN,
PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,
AND HOME of New York**

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

**House Broker,
Notary Public.**

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

TOWN NEWS

Advertise your business.

Subscribe for the Enterprise.

Mrs. Margaret Ferriter was a visitor here on Tuesday.

The Standard Electric construction gang left the past week for Pinole.

Mr. P. O'Connell has sold his cottage on Linden avenue to Peter Hansen.

Mr. Gerhard Schutte of Carlsbad, Cal., paid a visit to our town Tuesday.

Charley Larson is taking a vacation, in the course of which he will visit Los Angeles and other points south.

The building campaign still continues. Our citizens are awakening to the fact that it pays to own their own homes.

Secretary Geo. H. Chapman of the Land and Improvement Company was in town Wednesday on business for his company.

Lot No. 25 in block No. 124, known as the Bennett Thrasher building, was sold on Tuesday by Mr. and Mrs. Vandenbos to Gerhard Schutte.

Property while under construction covered by policy of fire insurance without cost to contractor or owner. Enquire of E. E. Cunningham.

Why pay rent? Buy a home and let the rent pay for it. Two four-room cottages for sale on easy monthly payments. Enquire of T. H. Burns.

Mr. John L. Debenedetti has purchased of N. Merriam the northwest corner of Grand and Cypress avenues, fronting forty feet on Grand avenue.

Hermann Gaerdes has purchased of the McElroy estate lot No. 2 in block No. 130. The lot is 50x140 feet, fronting on Grand avenue, and adjoins Mr. Gaerdes' Cash Store property.

Pound No. 2 has been established and opened at the residence of the undersigned near the Lux Ranch House.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

John Debenedetti spent Christmas with the home circle. We are inclined to think that Johnny is sorry he left old Halfmoon, but he says they are having a boom up in South City, too.—Coast Advocate.

The Ball announced for the evening of the 6th of January in the new hall to be known hereafter as Metropolitan Hall, has been postponed to a future day, which will be announced by handbill in good time.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building.

The works of the Pacific Jupiter Steel Company have been undergoing needed repairs the last week. This plant has enjoyed a great trade the past year. Already they realize their plant is too small for their thriving business. This is as it should be, and we are glad to see our factories grow.

The Bank of South San Francisco, after so many delays, will move into its fine offices in the new building next week. The public is cordially invited to call and inspect the new offices. The safe deposit boxes are nearly all rented. Those desiring boxes will do well to apply immediately.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

A musical and literary entertainment will be given by the Methodist Episcopal Church next week. Berkeley talent will add to the attractions. Admission paid at door. A social and refreshment will follow the entertainment. Those who miss this entertainment will miss a great treat. Watch the bulletin board at Postoffice for particular date.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the South San Francisco Building and Loan Association last Friday night, Mr. R. K. Patchell was elected President and Mr. E. Gluckman, Secretary. Within a short time this association will be ready to assist you in building a home. We need just such an establishment here, which would enable many to build homes and stop paying rent. In this way we would not only be enabled to secure cheap money on easy terms, but would at the same time help to build up a home institution and keep our money here.

SUPERVISORS ASKED TO GRANT FRANCHISE

At the meeting of the Board of Supervisors yesterday the Peninsula Railroad Company applied for a franchise to construct an electric road on certain public roads in this county.

The petition asked for the privilege of laying their tracks on the Middlefield road from Palo Alto to the southern limits of Redwood City, and on the main county road from the Finger bridge, north of Redwood City to San Carlos.

It is understood an application will be made to the Redwood City Trustees for the privilege of building the road through that city.

At San Carlos the road as proposed will run westerly through the Britton ranch and along the foothills back of the Murray ranch to the Homestead and San Mateo, as stated in these columns some weeks ago.

The application was presented by Attorney Louis O'Neal of San Jose, and present with him were O. A. Hale and O. Chapin, the President and Treasurer respectively of the new road.

There was very little discussion on the part of the members of the Board, and the matter was laid over until the first meeting in February.—Leader, San Mateo.

BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE.

I have for sale for a short time only the following choice property, at very reasonable prices. Now is the time to invest. Prices are constantly advancing.

Two lots, 100x140, south side of Grand avenue, in block 117.

One choice lot, 50x140 feet, south side Grand avenue, block 101.

Two fine lots, 100x140, north side of Miller avenue, block 123.

Three very fine lots, 180x140 feet, fronting three streets in block No. 134. Very desirable for cutting up into cottage lots.

All of above property on sewered streets, water pipes to lot line.

For prices and particulars enquire of E. E. Cunningham, Postoffice Building.

FOR RENT.

A modern 8-room house, sanitary plumbing, chicken yard, \$15 per month, at Millbrae.

CHAS. G. OSTWALD.

NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 8 and 11 o'clock a. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that teams must not be left standing on the streets of South San Francisco without being tied to a hitching post or otherwise secured; and hereafter in every case where a team is left unsecured and runs away upon the streets of said town the driver of such team will be promptly arrested and a charge of "disturbance of the peace" placed against him.

R. J. CARROLL, Constable.

NOTICE.

Owners of impounded stock are hereby notified that in case of my absence from the Pound they can obtain their stock by applying at the stockyards office and paying charges.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

Three Trainmen Killed.

Fort Wayne, Ind.—Three trainmen were killed in a wreck on the Chicago and Erie Railroad at Disko, twenty miles west of Huntington, when the rails spread and the engine, drawing an eastbound freight train, was overturned in a ditch. Engineer John O'Brien, Fireman Cecil Oliver and Brakeman Lem Fisher were caught in the cab of the engine and burned to death. All the victims resided in Huntington.

New Revolver for Army Wanted.

Washington.—The Ordnance Bureau of the War Department has in contemplation a competitive contest for new models of a revolver for use in the United States Army. What is desired by the department is a weapon possessed of greater stopping power than the revolver now in use in the Army. It is expected that a weapon of large caliber, and possibly of different type from that now in use, will be tested.

Victim of an Explosion.

Santa Rosa.—Robert Body, son of Mark Body of this city, died on Fisherman's bay as a result of an accident. Body was testing a line gun used to throw a small rope to approaching vessels when the gun exploded, breaking his leg and otherwise mangle him. He died while undergoing an operation.

Three Die in Freight Wreck.

Columbus, Ohio.—Three men were killed and several injured in a head-on collision between two freight trains on the Big Four Railroad, four miles west of Columbus. Two firemen and a brakeman were killed.

Two Burned to Death.

Tillamook, Or.—Mrs. Hembree, wife of A. Hembree, and their daughter, Ora, about 17 years of age, were burned to death at Sand Lake. Their house caught fire and all got out but Mrs. Hembree and their daughter, who, wishing to recover some of their effects, returned to the building and the roof fell in upon them.

Robbed and Murdered.

Salt Lake.—Nephi Sheets was shot by highwaymen, his pockets rifled and his dead body left on the sidewalk within a half block of the city and county building. Many persons heard the shot, but the murder was not discovered until fifteen minutes later. Sheets was a liveryman, about 50 years of age.

Marine Engineer Drowned.

Victoria, B. C.—Martin Southwell, third engineer of the steamer Dulwich, fell overboard at Comox and was drowned.

W. M. Coward, an insane real estate dealer of Turlock, was committed to the Stockton asylum last week. Coward ran amuck at Turlock and stabbed a constable.

SAYS JAPANESE EXCLUSION WOULD BRING HOSTILITIES

President Jordan Predicts a Conflict if Brown Laborers Are Barred.

Denver.—War between the United States and Japan is predicted by David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, if Uncle Sam puts up the bars against the Japanese as he has against the Chinese.

"The Chinese are not a military people," said Dr. Jordan, and the noted educator decried the efforts made to stir up a "yellow peril," which, he says, does not exist. "The Chinese simply do not care to fight like some other nations."

"The Japanese could hardly be called a military nation like some of the other military nations of history. The entire Japanese army will soon be disbanded. The Japanese fought because they had to, and, now that the fighting is over, they will resume their former occupations."

"That China will awaken is certain, but there need be no fear in the awakening. The most that will result is that the Chinese will become an alert people, improved in material and intellectual conditions and capable of absorbing more of our products. That will help us, as well as China."

"The boycott has caused trouble for the coast's merchants, but how much I am unable to say. They assert that their trade has been seriously injured by reason of it, but that is a matter of conjecture. The large capitalists there would like to have coolie labor, but, of course, they do not say anything about that."

"I believe that President Roosevelt is correct in his plan to admit the higher class of Chinese, and that it will be perfectly easy to distinguish between this class and the cheap labor class. No one wants the lowest Chinese, for there is nothing so unutterably bad as the low, uneducated Chinese of the lower type. It is this class that makes what we call Chinatown, and no one wants another Chinatown in any city in this country."

"The position of the labor unions on the coast in regard to excluding Oriental labor is liable to cause trouble, for the unions want a special ban put upon Chinese, Japanese and Koreans. If this measure becomes a law it will mean war between the United States and Japan. I am sure of it, because I am personally acquainted with many of the Japanese officials and know their sentiments."

"To exclude the Japanese alone would undoubtedly cause trouble."

The steamship Dalwick, stranded during a gale at Esquimalt, B. C., has been floated at high tide without apparent injury.

DR. I. W. LETCHER

Will Do Dental Work

at Residence of

J. H. KELLY

on Grand Avenue

Wednesday and Friday

Evenings

and

Sunday

between 10 and 12 a. m.

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Building and Loan Association.

Assets, - - - \$175,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary,

Redwood City, Cal.

CHAS. YOUNG

Sanitary Plumber and Gas Fitter

Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

Leave orders at

Post Office Box 56.

South San Francisco,

Phone Main 49. San Mateo Co., Cal.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Cattle market firm at present prices. Shipments coming principally from Nevada.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Market strong with small offerings.

HOGS—Strong at present quotations. Provisions—Provisions are in fair demand.

LIVESTOCK—Prices quoted are per pound for all the cattle weigh alive delivered and weighed on San Francisco market.

CATTLE—No. 1 Steers, 3½¢@3¾¢; 2nd quality, 3¼¢@3½¢; Thin Steers, 2½¢@3¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 2½¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 2¼¢@2½¢; third quality, 2¢@2¼¢.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 130 to 250 lbs., 6¢; over 250 to 350 lbs., 5½¢; rough undesirable hogs, 4¢@4½¢; hogs weighing under 130 lbs., 5½¢@6¢.

SHEEP—No. 1 Wethers, 4½¢@4¾¢; No. 1 Ewes, 3¾¢@4¼¢; Lambs, 5¢@5½¢ gross weight.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs. alive, gross weight, 4½¢@5¢; over 250 lbs., 3½¢@4¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—Market firm—First quality steers, 5½¢@6¢; second quality, 5¼¢@5½¢; third quality 4½¢@5¢; thin steers, 4¢@4½¢; first quality cows and heifers, 5¢@5½¢; second quality, 4½¢; third quality, 3½¢@4¢.

VEAL—Large, 6½¢@7½¢; medium, 7½¢@8½¢; small, good, 9¢@9½¢.

MUTTON—Market firm—Wethers, heavy, 8¢@9¢; light, 9½¢@10¢; Heavy Ewes, 7¢@8¢; Light Ewes, 8½¢@9¢; Suckling Lambs, 10¢@11¢.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8½¢@9¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12¢@13½¢; picnic hams, 9½¢; Boiled Hams, skin on, 18¢; skin off, 19½¢.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 16½¢; light S. C. bacon, 16¢; med. bacon, clear, 12¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12½¢; clear, light bacon, 14¢; clear ex. light bacon, 14½¢.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.50; Family Beef, bbl, \$11.50; hf-bbl, \$6.25; Extra Mess, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf-bbl, \$6.25.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 10½¢; do, light, 10½¢; do, Bellies, 12¢; Clear, bbls., \$19.00; hf-bbls., \$10.00; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$5.00; 25-lb. kegs, \$2.10; kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are ½ lb: Compound 6 6¼ 6½ 6¾ 6¾ 6¾ Cal. pure 9¾ 10 10 10½ 10½ 10½ In 5-lb tins the price on each is ½¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

CURED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.30; 1s, \$1.30; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.30; 1s, \$1.30.

PRIMOS SALAD OIL—Tins—about 50 gallons, \$4 43 gallon 5 gallon tins—1 per case, 48 " 1 " 10 " " 63 " 1½ " 20 " " 68 " 2 " 24 " " 1.95 dozen Quart Bottles 12 " " 1.05 Pint " 36 " " 90 "

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John Clifford, Proprietor

McMahon House - - - Mission Road

The finest Liquors and Cigars and a First Class Table Will Be Made a Specialty

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BANK OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

General Banking Business—Interest Paid on Term Deposits.

Paid-up Capital, \$50,000.00.

Surplus, \$5,000.00

THE TEST OF STABILITY

Ample Capital is not the only test of a strong bank. The disposition of the resources, the character of the officers, and the directorate also count largely. Our investments are without risk; our policy guided by ability and honesty.

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P. N. LILIENTHAL, President, EDWARD TILDEN, Chicago.
Mgt. Anglo-Albion Bank.
LEROY HUGHES, Vice-President, C. M. MACFARLANE, Chicago.
Mgt. Western Mex. Co.
W. J. MARTIN, Secretary, HENRY J. CROCKER, San Francisco.
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M. E. GLUCKSMAN, Cashier, E. R. LILIENTHAL, Pres. Crown Distilleries Co.
So. San Francisco.

SAN MATEO BANK

San Mateo, Cal.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$200,000.00
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, 100,000.00
PAID UP CAPITAL, 50,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS, 2,500.00

OFFICERS: J. J. FAGAN, President and Cashier; ROBERT WISNOM, Vice President; HENRY W. HAGEN, Assistant Cashier.
DIRECTORS: J. J. Fagan, E. A. Husing, Robert Wisnom, J. H. Coleman, A. P. Giannini, Andrea Sharboro, Geo. W. Dickie.

A General Banking Exchange, Loan and Collection Business Transacted. Foreign and Domestic Exchange Bought and Sold. Interest Paid on Savings Deposits on any amount from \$50.00 up. Safety Deposit Boxes to rent at 25 Cents per Month.

ATTENTION

We invite the public to investigate our tremendous stock of

General Merchandise

Upon investigation you will find that we are in line to do business with you. Our stock consists of

Fancy and Staple Groceries

Gents' Furnishings

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PRICES TALK

South San Francisco's Only General Store

J. L. DEBENEDETTI

E. W. Langenbach

Fine Tailoring and Ready Made Clothing

GENTS' FURNISHINGS

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

THE SPIRIT OF SUCCESS.

A WOMAN will have several irons in the fire at once, but she gets her ironing done by the concentration of her energy into the manipulation of one iron. Edison and Marconi are men of one idea, and each is absorbed in the pursuit of it. Bell had no time for aught else than his telephone. Cecil Rhodes divorced himself from every interest save the building of an empire in South Africa. Peary is consumed with his purpose of reaching the north pole. Diaz set himself the task of transforming Mexico into a great modern nation. Jefferson, in his day, was on fire with the passion for national liberty, and preferred death to failure, and Roosevelt is as hot and fixed in his single purpose to-day of freeing government from graft and patriotism from patronage.

The principle is essential also to business success. There must be a life single to its purpose, whatever that purpose may be. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," said the old Hebrew father to his unprofitable son, and all history demonstrates that he did not utter a curse but a psychological fact. There must be a deliberate and intelligent determination of purpose, and an unwavering, immovable adherence thereto. That is the spirit, and the only spirit, in which difficult problems are solved and successful issues wrested from unwilling conditions.—Cent Per Cent.

BREVITY AND ACCURACY.

THERE are many qualities necessary to success in modern business life; but there is none of more importance to a man holding a position of responsibility than the power to make a plain, straightforward, business-like statement, either by speech or in writing. The quality of fluency is not so much what is required as the qualities of accuracy and clearness, definiteness and brevity, tact and judgment. If we are not clear and precise it is certain that those who listen to us will be no more clear, when we have finished, than we are ourselves—probably much less so. We must have no vague and misty ideas about the subject, but they must be crystallized and definite. These qualities of our thought and speech, however, cannot be left to chance. They are attained as the result of effort, of careful and independent thought on the subject for ourselves, of looking at it from many points of view, and thus satisfying ourselves and those who listen to us that we thoroughly understand what we are talking about. It clears one's own mind in thinking out a subject to talk it over with a colleague or to write out a statement of it or to dictate it to a shorthand writer. Having decided what to say, and having properly arranged it, the last point is how to say it. The first essential is to speak distinctly, then to be natural, straightforward, lucid; neither to strive after effect nor to exaggerate, but to give the impression that we are ourselves convinced of the cogency and force of our own contention.—Technics.

SLEEVE MOURNING.

IN Japan people who have suffered a bereavement not only do not put on mourning, but after the blow has fallen they make their next appearance with smiles upon their faces, as if nothing had happened. According to Lafcadio Hearn, this is not in the smallest sense an evidence of indifference. The Japanese, he declares, suffer as keenly from a bereavement as any other people. The purpose of the practice is wholly to spare the feelings of other people. To betray feelings of sorrow is to afflict those about us. The mien or garb of grief afflicts, therefore it is impossible for a courteous person to wear it. So reason the Japanese. In order that no thought of pain

shall pass from the sufferer to his neighbor, the sufferer wears the aspect of contentment, even though his heart is breaking.

Our own practice is quite the reverse. It considers the sufferer, not his friends. In order that not only may it know that he is in sorrow, but that some drop of that sorrow may pass from him to those about him, the bereaved person wears black. The direct purpose of wearing mourning is not, we may be assured, to make an ostentation of grief, as some opponents of the practice have thoughtlessly assumed. It is rather to spare the bereaved from the chance remarks of those who are ignorant of his affliction. It is worn that they may know, and avoid questions or blundering observations that may wound him. But even in this worthier and, we believe, truer view of the purpose of mourning emblems, the person whose comfort is considered is the sufferer. The many are called upon to share in his woe to some extent. The emblem is the token of their compassion, not the emblazonment of his grief.

We could not possibly get ourselves into the Japanese altruistic thought in this matter. It is idle to talk about the abolition of the practice of wearing mourning. It is probably ingrained into our nature to wear it. Yet is it not possible that the practice of wearing a mourning band upon the sleeve overdone? Is not the thought of sorrow cheapened when, for a bereavement that often is not very near or intimate, the badge is conspicuously displayed on light-colored street clothes, work clothes and the veriest negligee, and borne lightly and apparently thoughtlessly in the crowded mart?—New York Mail.

THE GREATEST HEALTH FACTOR—WORK.

CONGENIAL work with mind and hands should be encouraged in all persons, for its prophylactic as well as its curative influences. Rest will prove serviceable doubtless in numbers of cases, but its application should be restricted and carefully studied. There are many conditions where absolute rest will not only prove useless, but really harmful. To send a man from an active business life to one of complete inactivity will often prove disastrous, as much so as to proscribe all food for the obese.

The nervous will complain that they do not feel like work. If left to themselves and told to do absolutely nothing, not even to read, they are sure to dwell upon their infirmities, and grow thereby morose and hypochondriacal, thus increasing their invalidism. The desire for work should be encouraged in all conditions and in all classes. If one's interest is aroused even to a slight degree a continuance in the work will develop a desire for occupation. One will never feel like work if one has nothing to do. Work will often accomplish what medicine, however properly applied, will not for it is not alone that we must earn our bread by the sweat of the brow, but every man and woman should work for the pleasure of it, as well as for the health-giving, brain-expanding results, and the benefit of example.—Medical World.

WEARING HATS IN CHURCH.

THE question of women wearing hats in church recalls the fact that men also formerly wore theirs at worship. Pepys shows that in the seventeenth century both men and women wore their hats to worship. "To church," he writes, "and heard a simple fellow open the praise of church music, and exclaiming against men wearing their hats on in the church." Later he notes that he saw a minister "preach with his hat off, which I never saw before." The hat was then an integral part of both male and female costume, and Pepys catches "a strange cold in my head by flinging off my hat at dinner."—New York Tribune.

Little Lessons in Patriotism

Peyton Randolph was one of the most intimate friends of Gen. Washington, one of those in whom he placed the most unbounded confidence.



PEYTON RANDOLPH was he who gave to Patrick Henry his certificate to practice law, after the license had been refused by two other examiners of the colony.

Randolph drew up the remonstrance of the burgesses against the threatened stamp act in 1764. On Aug. 10, 1774, Randolph summoned the citizens of Williamsburg, his residence, to meet in order to protest against the unconstitutional act of binding American colonies by British statutes. He was unanimously elected the first president of Congress on Sept. 5, 1774.

He has been described by his contemporaries as an honest man, having temper, knowledge, experience, judgment—above all, integrity—a true Roman spirit. His sterling worth won for him friends wherever he was known. The men of his own colony and those of other colonies joined Washington in their trust of the man. He was one of those great Americans who were the bulwarks of the State in time of storm, a pillar of righteousness and a rock of truth.

WITH THE "L" MOTORMEN.

Nerve-Racking Experiences of Employees Who Operate Cars.

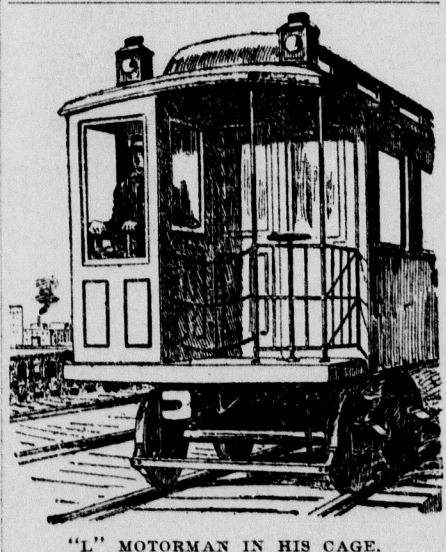
"Say, ma, I want to ride in there with the man in the little glass box—may I—say yes, ma," said the little 6-year-old as he pulled back and pointed at the motorman in the front end of the first car of the elevated train, while ma struggled hard to drag the youngster aboard the second car. With the assistance begrudgingly given by the guard the recalcitrant and obstreperous boy was finally boosted into the car, where his ma lifted him up and set him down hard on the stiffest cane-bottom seat she could pick out. But she wasn't strong enough to set the boy down with sufficient force to make him keep still.

"I want to ride where I can see the track with the man in the box," yelled the boy.

"Oh, just look out there at that back yard, all full of lovely scrap iron," said ma in a soothing tone of voice.

"I don't want to see no scraps, I want to see tracks."

Finally the poor mother had to compromise by taking the boy into the front car and sitting down near the



"L" MOTORMAN IN HIS CAGE.

forward end where he could look through the front window and see ahead over the stretch of tracks. Even that didn't satisfy her young hopeful, who squalled to get in the box with the motorman. The mother's explanation that no one was allowed to go in with the motorman failed to satisfy the child. Finally his yells and screams so rattled the motorman that he in his turn couldn't keep still.

"Madam," he said, as he let down his little window and looked in through the partly opened front door, "if you don't take that young hyena away I'll go crazy and run past two or three stations or run the train off the track and kill everybody. Take him away quick into some other car before he goes into convulsions and I go into spasms."

Then the tired-faced, worn-out mother grabbed the boy by the arm once more and dragged him back to the second car again and the motorman regained sufficient composure to stop at the next station.

"Yes, sir, once in a while we have some pretty nerve-trying experiences," said an elevated motorman who had only been in the business a short time, the other day. "Every time I get in the box and take hold of the controller of the electric current my nerves get on edge. I am afraid that before I get off the train again something will happen. I imagine that I may run over some old man who has climbed down on the tracks for some reason or other or that I may bring the train on to a curve too fast and tip the whole thing over into the street, etc.

I have never yet had any bad accidents, but a few times I have come pretty close to it."—Chicago Chronicle.

THE MINERS OF BUTTE.

For Them the Town Is a Way Station on the Road to Nome.

Probably nowhere in the world is there such a forceful, virile body of workers as are the miners of Butte. There are no graybeards. They are social rebels; not that they chant the Carmagnole to the waving of the black flag of anarchy, but in the sense that back in the well-ordered civilization of the east they rebelled against poverty and pushed on to the frontier, big-muscled, red-blooded, determined to sail the ship of their destiny into pleasanter places than their boyhood knew. From the copper mines of Berehaven, in the County Cork, from the coal mines of Tipperary, from the tin mines of Cornwall and from wherever in western Europe men go down into the bowels of the earth for treasure, the sturdy young men of the mines came to America, says Tom Watson's Magazine. At the Atlantic seaboard they heard the story of Mr. Baer and his partnership with God in the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania, of the company store and the company shack, with its yellow-fever paint by way of decoration.

In company with their American brothers they started across the continent to the Hocking Valley of Ohio, thence to the copper peninsula of Michigan, to the coal mines of Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, on to the gold and silver lodes of Colorado, and Utah, and finally to the miner's paradise of Butte, where eight hours is the day's work and \$105 the monthly wage.

Beyond, the Butte miner has his eyes fixed on Alaska. Butte is but a way station on the road to Cape Nome.

Butte has a public library and churches that rank well with similar institutions in any American city. They are well patronized by the miners. It has beautiful and costly public buildings, hotels, business blocks and private residences.

Butte is rightly called the Gibraltar of trades unionism. Every conceivable occupation is organized, from the pinboys in the bowling alleys and the shoeblacks on the streets to the reporters on the daily papers, all are organized. Wages are high. Plumbers get \$8 per day and printers get \$8.50 for a seven-and-a-half-hour day.

It is the proud boast of Butte that the greatest mining camp on earth has never had a boom.

Rats in the Bears' Den.

A visitor to the zoo saw a curious sight the other afternoon in the absence of all other spectators.

It was half-past 4 o'clock, and the polar bears had received their dinner of fish, beef bone, and long rolls of French bread. They consumed the fish and bread, and lumbered up to the entrance of their cave to gnaw at the beef bones as an after-dinner relish.

Some little squeaks were heard by the visitor. Where the bears had lately been a large mother rat and ten baby rats, scurrying out from nowhere, were feasting upon the crumbs of French bread.

The rats eagerly dashed here and there, seeking all the crumbs in sight. The mother acted more the part of a sentinel, eyed distrustfully the lone spectator, and admonished her brood in deep-toned squeaks.

The crumbs were all gone and the babies complained to their mother that they hadn't had enough. She finally led them up the rocky slope to where the white-coated monsters dozed before their den.

The bears glanced down out of half-open eyes, but made no movement against the small scavengers, who pounced joyously on new crumbs and shreds of meat. It seemed as if the bears were well accustomed to the visits of Mrs. Lazarus and her flock.

The footsteps and laughter of approaching sightseers suddenly caused the mother rat to squeak a warning, and the next moment only the dozing polar bears remained in their cave.

The Refinement of Rigidity.

A gentleman who was born in 1845, the fourteenth child of a family of sixteen, delights in telling stories illustrative of the severity of their upbringing.

Their father and mother were parents of the old school, and their children's deep affection was tinged with a wholesome awe.

"The awe was so pervasive and the discipline so rigid that we were never allowed to blow our noses in the paternal presence," declares this gentleman. "We had to go outside the room and close the door before performing that operation!"

At Last He Understood.

At first, although a business man, he failed to understand a little note received from his wife, which was written in a strictly business style. It read:

"Dear John X a sealskin sack. Mabel."

After puzzling over it for a good half hour, his eye happened to fall on a bill for a lumber shipment. The first item was 100 planks of a certain length 1x12. And then, at last, he understood the note, meant: "Dear John buy a sealskin sack."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It has been decided by the club woman that a tooth pick is not aesthetic, but even the club women do not attempt to say how the teeth look that need one.

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."—Miss J. H. FIFER, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

Not the Proper Quality.

George Gould is most particular about and discriminating in what he smokes, according to the notion of one Newark man whose ideas failed to hitch with Mr. Gould's. The railroad man visited a machine shop there recently to inspect a new device which he thought of installing on his lines. After his trip through the factory he felt in his pocket for a cigar. He had none and the manager of the concern, much chagrined, discovered that he, too, had none.

"We'll send right out and get some, though," he said.

"All right," said Mr. Gould, handing a \$2 bill to the man summoned by the manager, "go get us some cigars."

The man knew it was George Gould and had vast ideas of the importance of the visitor, but unfortunately was not himself a smoker. He returned with a great double handful of cigars, which he passed silently to Mr. Gould.

"Why—why, what's all this?" spluttered Mr. Gould, inspecting the label, which bore the name of a highly-advertised brand of "five-cent straights."

The workman tried to explain that these were as good as any he knew, but was hustled back with them. There were forty-two cigars, by actual count.

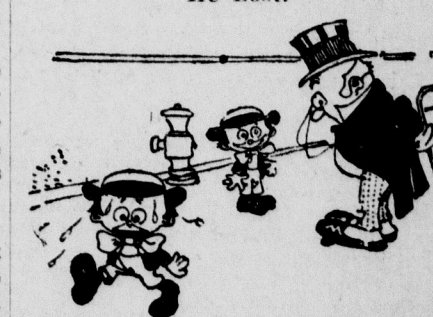
A Lesson in the Art.

The Complete Angler—Yes, the bass is the wildest of the funny tribe, all right, as this little incident will show. One day while engaged in my favorite pursuit, I dropped a valuable diamond ring in the water. The following day I cast my line near the spot where the ring disappeared and soon landed a five-pound bass. Now, what do you suppose the camp cook found inside that fish?

The Chorus of Novices—Haw! Haw! Haw! The missing jewelry, of course!

The Complete Angler—Ah, boys, you seem to forget about the williness of the bass. What the cook really found was a pawn ticket for the ring!—Puck.

He Lost.



The Twin—Yessir, we played hooky to-day, an' me brudder an' me matched a penny to see which'll take both lickins. He lost!

Tennis an Old Game.

Tennis was played in London in the sixteenth century in covered courts erected for the purpose. Both Henry VII and Henry VIII were fond of the game and the latter added to the palace of Whitehall "tennis courts." Charles I was an accomplished tennis player, and had particular dresses for playing in.

It Didn't Work.

"Doctor," said the man who wanted to work him for a free prescription "what would you give for a sore throat?"

"Nothing," replied the doctor promptly. "I don't want a sore throat."—Tit Bits.

The sum of happiness increases with the decrease of fear. The user of "Old Gill Edge Whiskey" fears not ill health, not inclement weather. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., 29-31 Battery st., S. F.

Might Have Known It.

Green—What became of that pretty stenographer you used to have?

Brown—Had to let her go because the clerks flirted with her.

Green—Why don't you get a plain one?

Brown—I did advertise for one of that kind, but didn't get a single response.

Ask for Miller's Milwaukee Beer Best in the market. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, agents.

Those Girls.

"I hate him!"

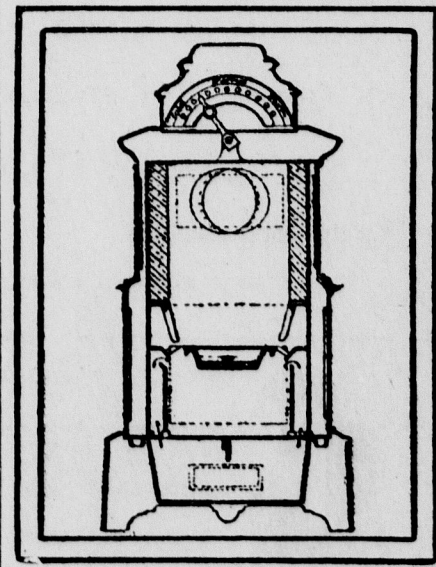
"Gracious, Jeanette."

"And when he calls on me I never fail to let him know it."

"Really?"

"Yes, and I tell him a dozen times I could never love him."

"Goodness! When is the wedding going to be, dear?"



REGULATES AUTOMATICALLY.

to the grate. In the illustration is shown an ordinary stove having this attachment. Near the top is an opening for supply of fuel; at the bottom another opening for lighting the stove and emptying out the ashes; in the center a sifting grate, with ash pan beneath, and at the back, near the top, the opening for escape of smoke. On the front of the stove, at the top, is a dial having three divisions—cold, normal and warm. The pointer on this dial connects with the regulating rod, it being only necessary to place the pointer so that it indicates the temperature desired. The automatic regulator is a metal rod, made of aluminum, which is preferable, although other metal alloys can be used. The regulating rod extends along the back of the stove and connects by other rods with the dial at the top and the damper at the bottom. When the stove is cold the regulator barely touches the

rod connecting with the damper. A fire being kindled, the regulator expands, forcing the damper rod up and releasing the damper. The more heat generated the more the expansion of the regulator and opening of the damper. Thereafter by setting the pointer on the dial the stove will automatically regulate itself.

WAR ON TOBACCO IN VAIN.

English Kings and the Church Unable to Stop Growing of Weed.

Tobacco raising in England has a varied and checkered history. First introduced there in 1566, the Elizabethan courtiers soon cultivated a liking for it. Ere long the common people followed their example, and smoking became a universal habit among the English. They began to import large quantities of the Virginian weed and soon after learned to grow it for themselves. When the British agriculturists had mastered the art of raising tobacco at home and conquered the climatic difficulties at first encountered in producing it, the practice of smoking was denounced in court.

James I. issued a counterblast to the weed. Charles I. was no less opposed to it. He also adopted strong measures to discourage its use and prevent its cultivation. The church likewise took up arms against smoking. In spite of the royal edicts against tobacco it continued to be grown surreptitiously to a large extent.

Charles II. imposed such a heavy duty on the native article as, it was thought, would have the effect of excluding it from British crops. The increased tax, however, did not prevent large numbers from being independent of foreign countries for their supply of this commodity. In those days it was not as easy for the officials to make a long tour of inspection as it is now. Eventually, in 1782, a law was passed making it illegal to grow tobacco in any quantity in England. The same law, of course, applied to Scotland and Ireland. In the latter country tobacco has traditions characteristically its own.

An Exception.

"Do you believe, old man, that a woman can dress well on \$65 a year?" "I think my oldest daughter can. She invariably dresses up in her mother's clothes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A really modest man has to tell a lot of white lies.

A DANGER AVERTED.

The Misses Malcolm were known to the little world of which Greenby was the center as "the two Malcolm girls," in spite of their gray hairs and sixty-odd years. They were also known as the best housekeepers in all the region, and any lapse from the exquisite neatness of their domain seemed to the Misses Malcolm a terrible thing.

When Cousin Palmer Malcolm, a reckless Western relative, died, the Malcolm girls started for the Missouri town on four hours' notice, although they had entertained thirty-two "Harvest Gleaners" the night before, too.

To Miss Sophronia, the elder, was allotted by mutual consent the task of putting the lower rooms in order, so far as possible, while Miss Eudora attended to their bedrooms and their simple packing.

When they were at last seated in the train, after a two-miles' jolting ride in the old coach, Miss Eudora noticed that Miss Sophronia's face wore a troubled and anxious look. As Cousin Palmer Malcolm had been a great trial to the family, Miss Eudora felt that his death could not be the cause of her sister's worry, and after a few moments of silence she decided to probe the matter. At that very moment Miss Sophronia spoke.

"Eudora," and her tone was one of distress, "I let Mrs. Goodwin go up to the spare room just before supper last night to get the measures of our quilt and bolster-spread, and the bell rung while she was measuring, and she hurried down, leaving the quilt on one of the chairs and two of the curtain shades up to the top. She told me, and I forgot it. Suppose the house caught on fire while we're gone, and the neighbors went in and saw that quilt on a chair, and all, what would they think of us?"

"Now, Sophronia, you ought to have trusted me, and not worried," said Miss Eudora, calmly. "Something led me to open that spare-room door the last thing, and when I saw what a fix 'twas in, and knew I hadn't an other minute, I just locked the door and put the key in my pocket, for the thought of fire came to me just as it did to you."

Miss Sophronia's face cleared.

"I'm so thankful," she said, simply, "I shouldn't have had one mite of pleasure or comfort in the journey or

Start the New Year Right!

START the new year with a clean mind and a clean body! Most people are very neat and clean in their outward appearance, but how about the inside? Are you clean inside? And if not, how can you face the New Year with clean thoughts, clear intelligence, a fair, just, and bright mind, and your full share of capacity for work and enjoyment.

The holidays are over and everybody's had a good time—perhaps a little too much of a good time. Over-eating and over-drinking have been the rule ever since Thanksgiving Day.

Many people get little exercise in winter and breathe much stuffy, over-heated inside air.

At the same time they eat too much rich and indigestible food, while fresh fruit and fresh vegetables are scarce in the market. So stomach and bowels are liable to be over-taxed.

Clog up, stretch and paralyze the large intestine by over-stuffing it with undigested food, so it can't carry off the useless refuse, and it "backs up" the sewage, and compels the small intestine to absorb the poison of decaying matter, instead of wholesome nourishment.

That's what must happen. Isn't it plain as day?

What's the result? Nearly everybody "gains in flesh" in the winter time, but it's puffy fat—not healthy flesh and muscle. The liver gets inactive; the bile doesn't "work off"; the eyes get yellow; the skin gets dead like putty and pale like dough, with boils, pimples, blackheads, liver-spots to break the monotony.

Dizziness, headaches, blurred vision, foul breath, sleeplessness and a temper like a wild cat make such persons very

pleasant company to themselves and others.

But, you say—"I'll take a course of Spring medicine to clean me out next April."

Not considering your duty to yourself and family, isn't it certain that to leave the body full of poison all winter, and then suddenly attempt to force out all impurities by one violent attack is dangerous, absurd and unreasonable?

Keep clean inside all the time. That's the simple solution.

If you can't diet, or keep your mechanism going by proper exercise, the self-evident alternative is to take Cascarets, the sweet, fragrant, harmless little vegetable tablets, that "act like exercise" on your bowels, and gently but powerfully clean out and disinfect the whole digestive canal.

A Cascaret every night before going to bed will "work while you sleep" and make you "feel fine in the morning."

If you have been neglecting yourself for some time, take a Cascaret night and morning and break up the "constipated habit" without acquiring a "cathartic habit."

Cascarets are sold by all druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c. The 10c size trial box is a neat fit for the vest pocket or lady's purse. Be sure to get the genuine, with the "long-tailed C" on the box and the letters "CCC" on each tablet. They are never sold in bulk.

FREE TO OUR FRIENDS!

We want to send to our friends a beautiful French-designed GOLD-PLATED BOMBON BOX, hand-enamelled in colors. It is a beauty for the dressing table. Ten cents in stamps is asked as a measure of good faith and to cover cost of Cascarets with which this dainty trinket is loaded. Send to-day, mentioning this paper. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

EDISON'S FIGHT FOR PATENT.

Claims United States Laws Give Little Protection to Inventors

"I happened to be chatting with Thomas A. Edison, in his laboratory at Orange, New Jersey, one night while he was working on his most recent creation—the intensified dynamo," says a writer in Success Magazine, "and heard him discuss thoroughly the injustice that is done inventors in the United States. 'This very day,' he said, 'several of my well known patents expire, and become the property of posterity, which means Tom, Dick, and Harry. The government professes to protect the inventor for seventeen years, and after that time his creation is no longer his own. But, as a matter of fact, the government does no such thing. It lets any poacher run in and bring suit, or apply for an injunction, disputing the inventor's patent, already granted by the patent office, and in all the courts, pending the long-drawn-out litigation which follows, the other fellow is permitted to go on manufacturing and selling the thing he claims to have invented before the real inventor made it.'

"Do you see that little lamp there?" asked Mr. Edison, as he arose, full-length, in his rugged old linen duster of the workshop, and he pointed with his pencil to an ordinary incandescent electric light beaming brightly over a draftsman's table. "It was my invention, known as a primary invention, because I took two things, a piece of metal and electricity, and made a third thing out of them—light. Now, I fought fourteen years in the courts for that little lamp, because a Frenchman bobbed up and claimed it after I had secured the patent. During all this litigation I had no protection whatever, and when I won my rights, after fourteen years, there were but three years of the allotted seventeen left for my patent to live. It has now become the property of anybody and everybody. There is no protection given an inventor by the courts or the patent department."

THE COLORS OF SYRIA.

Crowning Glory of Syrian Landscape Is in Brilliant Hues.

The crowning glory of a Syrian landscape, however, is its brilliant coloring. Before I left America, says Lewis Gaston Leary in the World To Day, it seemed to me that the vivid tints of Tintoret's pictures must be exaggerated, but they fall short of the reality. Of course, no artist can hope to reproduce the marvelous warmth and depth of the colors in an eastern landscape or to imitate the vague soft hues that are so characteristic of the Syrian atmosphere; but it would be almost as impossible for him to find tints that were overbright or to arrange them in an order too daring to be matched by the Syrian sun.

The very nights are full of color. The moonlight is so brilliant that it is easy to read a guide book, and even on a moonless night and in the wilderness, far from any city's glare, the starlight has been so bright that I could see the second hand of my watch and could find quite a distinct shadow cast by Jupiter. A moonlit scene at home gives only the impression of light spots and dark spots; everything is black or white or gray; but here in Syria the moonlight shows all the colors of the rainbow. The green of the trees and grain, the red of tile roofs, the blue of sea and sky and the white of the distant mountains are softer and more delicate, but hardly less distinct, one from the other, than in the sunlight.

But the sunset colors are the best of all, especially where the mountains come close to the sea. I hesitate to compare Beirut with Naples; yet we have as clear skies here, the sweep of the bay is much the same, and, instead of smoky Vesuvius, there is the splendid range of Lebanon, culminating in Jebel Sunnin, almost twice as high as the Italian mountain, and for half the year crowned with dazzling snow.

The Wasteful Captain.

She was a fair passenger in search of information and the captain was, naturally, only too willing to gratify her. He had explained that the action of the propeller forced the ship through the water and added, as a further item of information:

"We made twenty knots an hour last night, miss."

"Did you really?" said the sweet girl. "And whatever did you do with them all?"

The captain went red and his eyes dilated.

"Threw them overboard," he said, shortly.

"Fancy!" she said.—Tit-Bits.

Prof. Karl Schleich says that "combating fatigue with nicotine, alcohol, tea or coffee is like bandaging the eyes of a watch dog."

RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

When the joints are sore and swollen, and the muscles throbbing with the pain of Rheumatism, relief must be had at once, and it is natural to rub the affected parts with liniments, oils, etc. This treatment does good in a way, by temporarily relieving the pain and reducing the inflammation, but has no effect on the disease itself, because Rheumatism is more than skin deep; it is in the blood and cannot be rubbed away. Rheumatism is brought on by indigestion, weak kidneys, poor bowel action, stomach troubles and a general sluggish condition of the system. The refuse and waste matters, which should be carried off through the natural avenues of bodily waste, are left to sour and form uric acid and other irritating poisons which are absorbed by the blood, making it thin, weak and acrid. Then instead of nourishing the different nerves, muscles, joints and tissues it fills them with poison to produce the aches, pains and other disagreeable symptoms of the disease. Rheumatism is usually worse in Winter for the reason that cold and dampness are exciting causes. The nerves become excited and sting with pain, the muscles are sore and drawn, the joints swollen and stiff and the sufferer lives in intense agony; and if the disease is not checked it often leaves its victims helpless cripples for life. Rheumatism cannot be rubbed away but it can be driven from the blood by S. S. S. Being a perfect blood purifier this great remedy soon produces a complete change in the entire circulation; the thin, acrid blood is made pure and rich, and as it goes through the body nourishes and soothes the irritated nerves, eases the throbbing muscles, and dissolves and carries out of the system the irritating particles in the joints which are keeping up the pain and inflammation. S. S. S. cures Rheumatism permanently, and in addition tones up the digestion and stimulates the different members of the body to their full duty so there is no cause for another attack. Do not waste time trying to rub Rheumatism away, but get it out of the blood with S. S. S. so that the cold and dampness of Winter will not keep you in continual pain and agony. Special book on Rheumatism and any medical advice will be given free.

While at work for the F. C. & P. R. R. in the swampy region, I contracted Rheumatism and was completely helpless for about four months and spent over \$150.00 with doctors, but got worse every day, and finally quit them and began S. S. S. I took a few bottles and was cured sound and well. My health is now splendid, and I weigh 175 pounds. There is a lady living near me who is now taking S. S. S. for acute Rheumatism. For two months she could not turn herself in bed, but since beginning your medicine about three weeks ago has improved rapidly, and is now able to sit up. I can recommend S. S. S. to all suffering from Rheumatism. Ulah, N. C. S. C. LASSITER.

I was severely troubled with Rheumatism. I had it in my knees, legs and ankles, and any one who has ever had Rheumatism knows how excruciating the pain is and how it interferes with one at work. I was truly in bad shape, having been bothered with it for ten years, off and on. A local physician advised me to use S. S. S. I did so. After taking two bottles I noticed the soreness and pain was greatly reduced. I continued the medicine and was thoroughly cured; all pain, soreness and inflammation gone. I recommend S. S. S. to all Rheumatic sufferers. J. L. AGNEW, 803 E. Greenbrier St. Mt. Vernon, O.

S. S. S. PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA

A Judicial Verdict.

Judge—You are accused of having beaten this person cruelly.

The Accused—Well, I had to beat him to make him do his work. He is an idiot.

Judge (severely)—You should remember that an idiot is a man like you or me.—Translated for Tales from Les Anales.

What's in a Name?

Gaussip—That's Skinner's wife. They say she didn't have a very good name when he married her.

Wise—Well, he seems to think it's very good now.

Gaussip—Yes?

Wise—Yes, he's put all his property in it.—Philadelphia Press



"The sweet little darling. He has eyes like his mother's."—Journal Amusant.

Cause and Effect.

"Were you ever a victim of stage fright?" asked the new reporter.

"Many a time, my boy," answered the veteran barn-storming tragedian. "I have an attack of it every time the ghost fails to perambulate."—Columbus Dispatch.

Convenient.

"Do you believe in premonitions?"

"Yes."

"I had a premonition that you were going to lend me \$5."

"I only believe my own premonitions. I had a premonition I wasn't."—Chicago Journal.

Fiso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 8, 1900.

The Old Story.

"She married him to reform him."

"Has she succeeded?"

"No; supporting him takes all of her time."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 233 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Throwing Away Good Money.

"I see that a comparatively rich New Yorker recently sold his wife to a wealthy banker for \$5,000."

"Of course that was an exorbitant price for a wife of the salable sort."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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The Mean Things.

Miss Passay—It seems so funny to me now when I think how terribly afraid of the dark I was when I was a child.

Miss Speitz—But you're not afraid of it now?

Miss Passay—Of course not!

Miss Speitz—No, the dark must be so much more becoming to you than the light now.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Choice of the People.

When things began to go too "fast and loose" in New York, the people rose up in their wrath, got together and elected a District Attorney who makes life miserable for wrong-doers. Jerome flaunted the banner of no political party; he was the people's choice.

Pillsbury's Vitos is the first choice of all people who relish good things for breakfast. It's dainty, delicious and nourishing.

So Unlike His Book.

Newitt—Yes, he's getting out a book of his poems. Calls the thing "Autumn Leaves," I believe.

Crittick—You don't say?

Newitt—Yes, rather commonplace, don't you think?

Crittick—Yes, and very inappropriate. Autumn leaves are frequently red!—Philadelphia Press.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner in the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Expectant.

"That man just in here had a peculiarly scared and anxious look," said the New Yorker. "Who is he?"

"A life insurance man," said the photographer; "they all have the same expression these days."—Detroit Free Press.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Not the Same.

"Has your daughter any vocal ability?" asked the new minister.

"No, she ain't much at playin'," answered Mrs. Cornshucks, "but you just ought t' hear her sing."

Robt. F. Gallagher, expert Court Reporter for over 20 years, who has the world's record for shorthand writing teaches shorthand by mail. Learn shorthand at home, then come to the city, secure a position as stenographer and attend evening school for book-keeping and business training. Don't waste your opportunities; employ your leisure time to best advantage. Send for catalogue of Gallagher-Versch Business College, 921 Market St., San Francisco, for full particulars. This college turns out more clever stenographers than all other business colleges in California combined. Don't delay, write today—now!

Discouraged.

"I see that the door handle is one of the commonest vehicles for the conveying of disease."

"Good gracious, what's a man to do—get in over the transom?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns, Ingrowing Nails and Bunions. All Druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitutes.

A Sharp Seat.

Tommy's Pop (explaining the mysteries of country life)—Yes, a hen will sit on an egg and hatch it.

Tommy—Gracious! I should think it would hurt to sit on a hatchet.—Philadelphia Record.

How About "Es"?

No two people in the world have precisely the same idea as to what constitutes the highest enjoyment of which they are capable. Mrs. Jennings had an ideal which did not appeal at all to the person who should have been in fullest sympathy with her.

"Go to the picnic? No, I guess not!" and the energetic woman looked scornfully at the acquaintance who had ventured to suggest such a mishap. "I don't enjoy lugging my food three or four miles into the bush for the sake of letting other folks criticize it, and get all eat up with gnats-fies into the bargain. My notion of pleasure is something quite different."

Through the Levant.

Jerome Hart of the San Francisco Argonaut has placed the result of his observations during a trip to the Levant in book form. In "A Levantine Log-Book" he describes in a most entertaining way the sights and scenes and habits and customs of strange countries and strange people. Italy, Malta, Greece, Constantinople, Smyrna, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Assouan and Cairo, Thebes, Luxor, Alexandria, Upper Egypt were visited, and interspersed with descriptions of these places are many amusing sketches written in Mr. Hart's incomparable style. The author is an old newspaper man in whom the habit of "intelligent observation" is highly developed, and this, combined with an easy, chatty style of writing, has resulted in the production of a book that will be read and enjoyed from cover to cover, and then carefully put away to be read again.

In these days of "best sellers," "A Levantine Log-Book" is a green oasis—a cool, refreshing spring—in the dreary desert of current literature. The book is profusely illustrated and a handsome specimen of typographic art. At bookstores or Argonaut Publishing Company, San Francisco.

Like New Polish.

The observant bootblack had just finished polishing a patron's shoes when he said to another patron: "Have you ever noticed that the old-fashioned shoe polish is seldom seen any more? In its place is the fine old polish. Sometimes men ask for a shine of the old polish, but not often, though; but what I wanted to say is that the bootblacks prefer the new polish, which shines with the rub of a rag, while the old-fashioned stuff requires more time, and, what is more to the point, a vast lot of 'elbow grease.' To bring a shine with the use of the old-fashioned stuff takes twice as long and doesn't last any longer."

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Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

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The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of fully **TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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